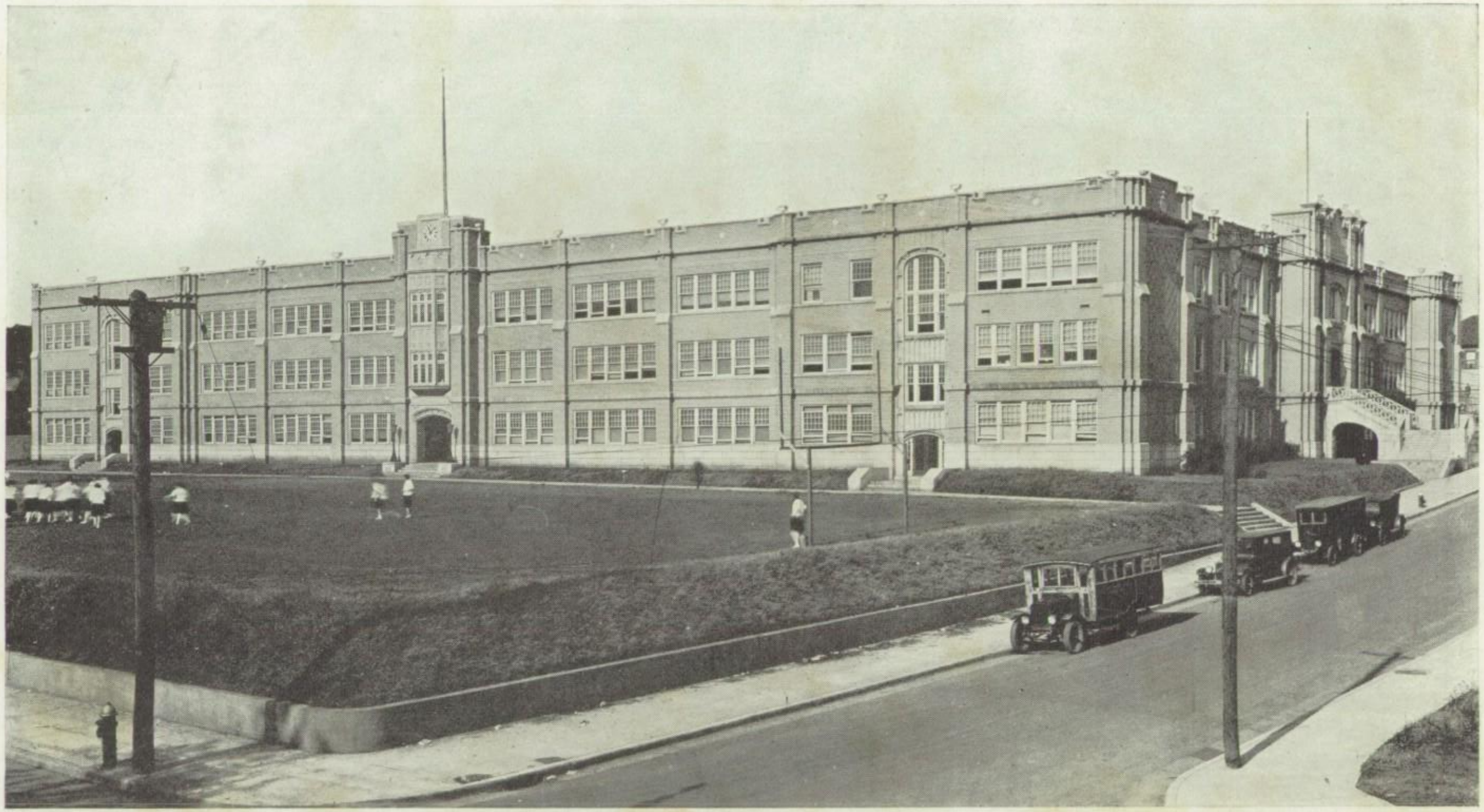
The Scribbler

1927

Foreword

In the course of civilization several pieces of literature stand out because of their inestimable value in revealing to us the deeds of past generations. Altho our little publication does not aspire to such literary fame, it, too, endeavors to record in a simple way some of the various activities of our school life that might otherwise be forgotten. It is our sincere hope that these pages, archives of our high school days, will be full of pleasant memories for those who turn them in years to come.

Dedicated in loving memory
of
Miss Alice Stribling
who, for more than a quarter of a century, was a most earnest and efficient teacher and a most loyal and sympathetic friend in our school.



SPARTANBURG HIGH SCHOOL

DR. A.D. CUDD - CHAIR. BOARD & TRUSTEES
C.C. KIRBY - SEC. - TREAS AND TRUSTEE
A.M. DUPRE - TRUSTEE
C.Y. BROWN - TRUSTEE
C.K. CALLAHAM - TRUSTEE
J.W. BOYD - TRUSTEE
W.W. JENKINS - ASST. SEC. & TREAS.
HIGH SCHOOL OFFICIALS
DR. FRANK EVANS - SUPT. CITY SCHOOLS
L.W. JENKINS - PRIN. HIGH SCHOOL

SCRIBBLER STAFF

SENIOR CLASS POEM

We've reached the golden doorway
That opens on our dreams;
Before us lies the future—
Resplendently it gleams.

But ere we cross the threshold,
A parting word we'd say
To dear old Alma Mater
On this our final day.

For four long years our footsteps
Have sounded thru your halls;
Our voices oft have echoed
Along your loving walls.

Our dreams, our high ambitions,
Have been inspired by thee,
And by the shining standards
You've set for us to see.

'Twas thru your thought and wisdom
We've gained a goodly store
Of knowledge, which will help us
To reach the goals before.

May we, the class of '27,
Be true to your ideals,
And keep your name exalted
In new and broader fields.

May we through all Tomorrow
Most thoughtful ever be
Of you, our Alma Mater,
And friends we've left with thee.

RUTH WARD.

SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS

JOEL DEERY - PRES.

R. MANSFIELD - V. PRES.

JANE HOBBS - SEC'Y.

BILL GAINES - PROPHET

PRES. MARTIN - TREAS.

GEO. LITTLE - HIST'N.

RUTH WARD - POET

ABUSH

Senior Class

J. F. ALMAN

"Rare compound of quality noble and true,
With plenty of sense, and good humor, too."

His genial smile simply captivates the ladies. His greatest trouble is to keep them away long enough to attend to his school duties. He manages to find time enough to devote to Math, his favorite subject. Indeed, he has a perfect passion for "Trig."

LUCIA ATKINSON

"Light-hearted, happy, wild and young,
She laughed, and talked, and danced and sung."

Behold! The Senior class giggler! Lucia likes the boys. The boys like Lucia. She goes out for a good time, and she finds it. "The little flirt" can rival Clara Bow. Furthermore, she can write poetry and is the poetry editor of THE SCRIBBLER. She's as musical as Orpheus—as light on her feet as Mercury!

BYRD AUSTELL

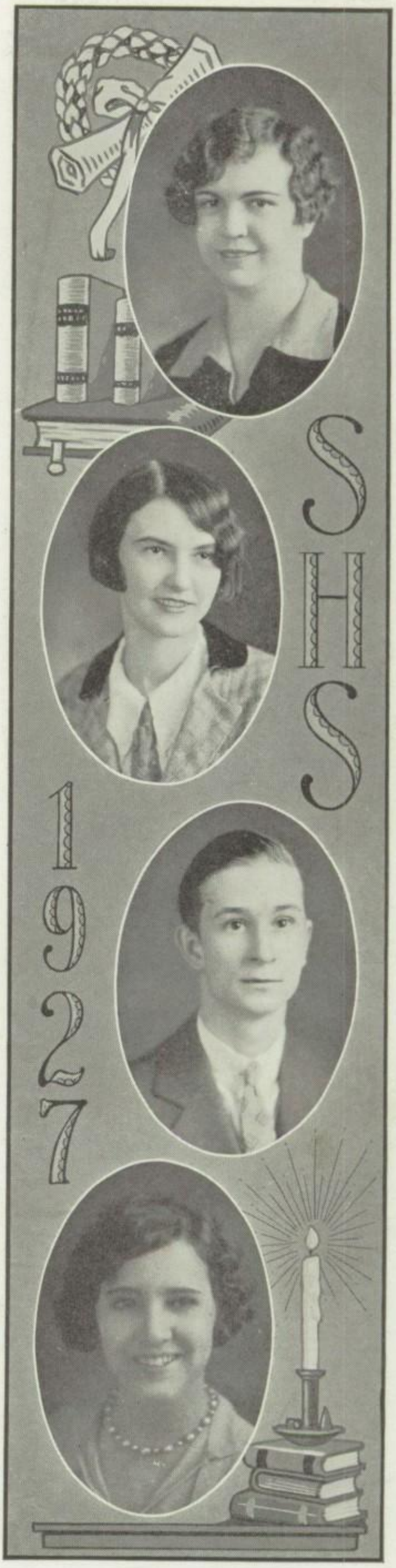
"If love be music, play on."

Well, here's our little violinist! She surely does know how to handle her bow (the other one, too). Furthermore, Byrd is one of the peppiest members of our class. If in doubt, just go to a football or basketball game, and see her lead the cheers. She's right there with bells on.

WALTER BEAL

"Put not your trust in Latin or women."

Walt's friends are many, almost as numerous as his freckles. He admires and is influenced very much by his uncle, Casey Corder. It is Walter's greatest ambition to equal the prominence of this great scholar. We all hope to see Walter managing the affairs of the Chamber of Commerce in the future. Anyhow, he'll make Spartanburg famous some day.



NORA KATE BELCHER

"A good disposition, a friendly heart."

If someone should ask what Kate's particular hobby is, the answer could be made with one word—basketball. More than being a ball fan, she is a true friend. A great many of us are glad that she will be at Winthrop next year.

BEATRICE BELL

"A maiden, she seems, of cheerful yesterdays, and confident tomorrows."

Beatrice is one of the very few Seniors possessing a dignity of step and a moderation of voice. Moreover, she is a dependable, hard-working student. We know little concerning "Bee's" personal affairs, but it is rumored that she is a certain young gentleman's ideal.

HERMAN BELL

"Short in stature, but in brains a man."

Four and twenty months ago, "Hoiman" came to us from the swamps of lower Georgia. To be very concise about it, "Hoiman" is familiar with his spinach. It is appropriate that his name is Bell, because some day the world will ring with his praise.

SIBLEY BELL

"Laugh, and the world laughs with you; Weep, and you'll need more powder."

You never know what to expect next when "Sib" is around. Her tongue is evidently loose at both ends, because her chatter never ceases. Everybody knows that a little green "Chevie" coming down North Church Street means that somebody is riding with "Sib" in "Gloria."

PAUL BENNETT

"When better marks are made, Bennett will make them."

Our "information bureau" has performed a remarkable feat. He has gone through High School without a blur or blemish beside his name. We feel confident that there is not a boy in his section who has not been helped by him over the rocky roads of ignorance toward the dawn of graduation.

ELIZABETH BERRY

"My tongue within my lips I reign,
For who speaks much will speak in vain."

Although Elizabeth doesn't talk much, she certainly says a lot when she wants to. She can tell you whatever you want to know about Algebra, roots, imaginaries, or anything that pertains to Math. Luck to you, Elizabeth, in your college career and in everything you undertake.

RUSSELL BERRY

"Smile, and I smile with you;
Frown, and I smile with someone else."

Russell, otherwise known as "Russ," has a personality that wins many friends for her. She never lets her education interfere with her pleasure, for she believes in having a good time if there is one to be had. We all wish for her the best of happiness in the future.

MARTHA BLACKWELL

"A rare compound of oddity, frolic and fun,
To relish a joke and rejoice at a pun."

"Matt," our girl athlete, is a school booster and a jolly good sport on every occasion. She is always waiting for a chance to pull some joke on her classmates. Her kind disposition is admired by all who know her. Here's to her future: a happy good time!

ELEANOR BOMAR

"'Tis the songs ye sing and the smiles ye wear
That's a-makin' the sun shine everywhere."

When Eleanor steps out in front of the grandstand and cries, "Yell!" we yell. She can sing alto to any song that's suggested. She is one of those people who can put on an intellectual look at nine o'clock and take it off at two. Besides being present at every social function in town, she has tried out nearly every college floor in the State where dances are given.

ELIZABETH BROWN

"The rule of my life is to make business a pleasure, and pleasure my business."

"Lib" is one of the jolliest people that ever walked through the halls of our high school. She is always there with her laugh and smile. With her charming personality, her romantic nature, and her keen sense of humor, she has won many friends, who predict for her the greatest success.

ADDIE BURWELL

"At last my sentence is served."

A lover of pleasure, a charmer of hearts—that's Addie. She manages to see the bright side of life, even in her school work. We all wish for her a happy and successful future.

AURELIA BUSH

"Her pencil drew whate'er her soul designed,
And oft the happy draft surpassed the image in her mind."

Some girls can sing, while others are gifted with the power of "tripping it on the light fantastic toe," but the good fairies bestowed *Art* upon Aurelia. Even though she does lots of work for the SCRIBBLER, she always finds time to draw some little sketch for her many friends. Her art, however, doesn't interfere with her studies. We are perfectly safe in predicting that she will become a great artist some day.

JAMES CALDWELL

"Be what you are!"

"Jim" is a quiet, unassuming chap who drills his way into everyone's heart with his congenial smile. Several years ago he equipped his tricycle with four-wheel brakes. This, in itself, is an indication that he will contribute some great invention to the world one of these days.

DOROTHY CANNON

"Variety is the spice of life."

Snooty? No! She is just a little indifferent and spoiled. Even the time must wait for her as she strolls leisurely through the corridors from class to class. Dorothy is known by her peculiar pronunciation of words, especially in French. To the school she leaves an impression of high heels, of Charleston skirts, of green Cadillacs, and, most of all, of her pleasing personality.

EPPS CANTRELL

"Worry little, work less,
My idea of happiness."

Epps is the sheik of his class, but he doesn't know it yet. He might have his "ups and downs" in Algebra, but he makes up for that in History. His chief trait is determination. This caused him to work on the gridiron for four years in order to make the team the last two. His winning smile has won him many friends.

WINSTON CARRINGTON

"A man who stands four-square to all the winds that blow."

Through the day with Carrington:

7:00 A. M.—Arises.
8:00 A. M.—Has short conference with his books.
9 to 2:00 —Corrects the faculty.
2:30 P. M.—Refills lunch basket.
4:00 P. M.—Swings a mean racket, while tennis balls fall thick and fast.
7:00 P. M.—Carrington completes his 12-2 mile gallop.
8:00 P. M.—Drinks his milk; winds up the cat; puts out the clock; goes to bed.
11:00 P. M. to 7:00 A. M.—Dreams of becoming the "Second Gabriel."

SARAH CARTER

"Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil
O'er books consumed the midnight oil?"

Sarah is another of the class of '27's "intelligentia." We greet her in the morning with, "Hello, can you explain this to us?" And she always can! Along with this high intelligence comes a keen sense of humor. When there's a funny side to a question, Sarah never misses it. She is ever in a rush to study a little bit more or to talk a little bit longer. Thus we think of her as our hurrying, intellectual Sarah!

LAURA LEE CASH

"She has the genius for being loved."

The reason that everybody doesn't love Laura Lee is that everybody hasn't met her. A frightened "Heaven help us!" issuing from the back of the room might sometimes lead her classmates to believe that she is in serious need of help, but she almost always is called upon, miraculously, for the exact question she knows the answer to. Then is heard her delighted giggle, while the whole class is glad she's had such luck.

LOUISE CAVIS

"None but herself can be her parallel."

Behold! Found at last! A quiet and bashful maiden in Louise. She is a very studious girl, and one that both teachers and classmates like. She is modest, she is shy, but because she is so patient, we are sure she will have a very successful future.

CECILE CHAPMAN

"If she will, she will, and you may depend
on't—
But if she won't, she won't, and that's
the end on't."

Cecile is, to say the least, a very remarkable person. She possesses the truest heart, the friendliest smile, and the most unselfish nature in the world. Besides being blessed with the already-mentioned qualities, Cecile is simply chock-full of talent.

JAMES A. CHILES

"I would rather make tetramethyl-dramdobinzophenone chloride than eat."

Jim is the wizard of our class. His unlimited knowledge of Physics is measured only by his ability to write soul-stirring compositions. There is no doubt in our mind as to who of our class has the greatest understanding of machinery. It's Jim, of course.

LOWELL CHRISTOPHER

"Brace up; if it weren't for the rain, there wouldn't be any hay to make while the sun shines."

"Cris" is one of the most popular members of the Senior class. When something funny occurs in a class-room, he is the first to start laughing and the last to stop. Lowell likes Mathematics best; sometimes he passes on it. It is very seldom that he answers to his name at nine o'clock. He sometimes boasts of not being late once in a *whole week*.

JULIA CLARK

"If boys interfere with your work—quit work."

Julia is just a quiet little girl from whom you never know what to expect. Whatever she does, however, seems to be exactly the right thing to do. We haven't found out much about Julia's future yet, but from the above quotation you can see that she does not mean to take care of herself.

AGNES CLEVELAND

"A rare compound of oddity, frolic and fun,
To relish a joke and rejoice at a pun."

Agnes reminds us of Mab, the fairy queen. She knows how to be mischievous, for she manages to get by with "murder." She has a brain that keeps her name on the honor roll and a sense of humor that drives away the blues. Her popularity at college is assured, for she is typically collegiate.

BONNER COCHRAN

"Where worth and merit meet."

"Barney" is one of our finest students. If you want to know of his abilities, just ask the History, Latin, English, French, or Math teachers! Some day he will reach the crest of high achievements.

JUDITH COHEN

"Better to be small and shine than to be great and cast a shadow."

Who's that little whirlwind going down the hall? Why, it's Judy, of course. We expect to see her leading a Follies chorus some day. If she doesn't do that, she'll probably be a professor at a university. She could carry out either career with a dash. Her attractive personality is only rivaled by her curiosity, but how's a person to know anything if she doesn't ask questions?

CASEY CORDER

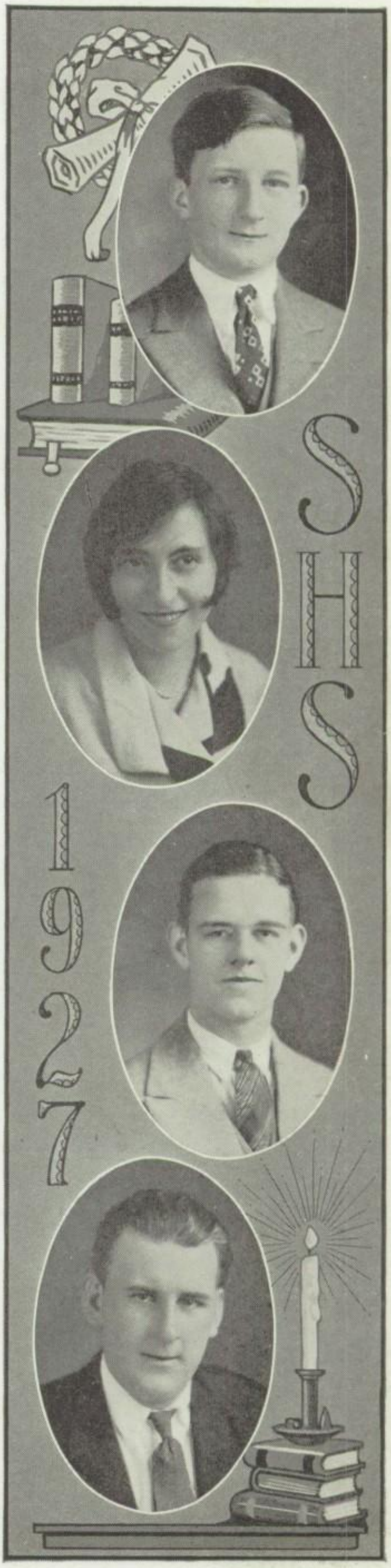
"Trouble has to be started—so why not by me?"

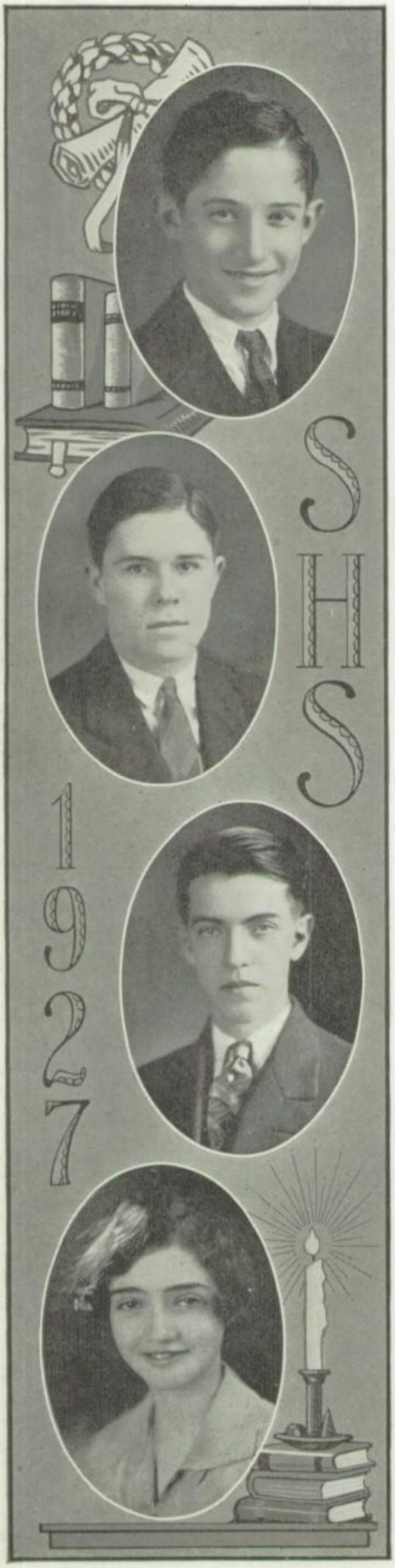
"K. C.," the famous uncle of Walter Beal, is the outstanding humorist of the Senior class. He admits that Mark Twain is the only man that even rivals him. As well as a humorist, Casey is a tall, handsome sheik. He hopes to succeed and even surpass the late "Rudy" as son of the desert. Sometimes, but very seldom, he startles the class as well as the teacher by answering a question. "K. C." has the "rep" of being South Carolina's worst cheer-leader.

HARRY CROCKER

"For he's an ALL-ROUND *good fellow."*

Dainty li'l Harry sees only the bright things. If weight makes a man, Harry's twins. His jovial good nature has won for himself a place in each of our hearts.





TOM DASHIELL

"There's nothing so becomes one
As modest stillness and humility."

Tom, small of stature, hides beneath an impassive exterior a heart of gold. Whatever he knows, he knows when to keep quiet. When he talks, he says something. In his quiet way, he has made himself popular with his classmates.

JOEL DEERY

"I dare do all that becomes a man;
Who dares do more is none."

Behold our Class President and our football Captain! Joel is one of the most conscientious members of our class. He puts his whole heart into whatever he sets out to accomplish. Some day we expect to see Joel leading a Baptist Convention revival.

EDWARD DE WEES

"Tout vient á qui sait attendre."

If you see on the distant horizon a cloud of dust, if you hear the shouts and shrieks of men and women who are scrambling madly for the treetops, then you may rest assured that Ed is approaching. He tears down the boulevard at the rate of sixty miles per month on his one and seven-eighths cylinder motorcycle. He'll get somewhere one of these days!

MARGARET DORRILL

"When hearts are true,
Few words will do."

A true-blue friend, that's Margaret! She is always ready to have a good time, but never neglects her studies. Oh, no, never! If any one comes to school with, "Oh, gee! I haven't done my Latin. Have you?" Margaret answers quietly, "Yes." We cannot look into a glass and predict her future, but we wish her the best o' luck.

REUBEN DORSEY

"All great men are dead, and I don't feel very well myself."

No matter what the argument may be, Reuben is always ready to offer suggestions. Usually he is wrong, but occasionally he is right. He certainly knows his "stuff" in radio. A radio transmitter, built by him, has been heard as far as Europe and Africa. Watch him!

GEORGE DOZIER

"For he is a workman on the road to learning."

Although George always makes high marks, he always finds time for his Scout activities. He's the kind of a guy that always makes the best of everything. For instance, he didn't cry when we told him, "There ain't no Santa Claus."

MARY ALLEN DUNBAR

"Come what come may,
Time and the hour run through the roughest day."

Mary's high school career has proved her to be an ardent lover of Morpheus. Once in a while she becomes energetic enough to attend school. On these rare occasions she's simply bubbling over with pep and wit. And she's no *enemy* of the opposite sex. If Mary has a worry, no one has found it.

BESSIE EKLUND

"She is gentle, she is shy,
But there's mischief in her eye."

Bessie is just as true-blue as are her eyes. She has plenty of sense, and never makes much disturbance. Her place on the honor roll is reserved. Her only fault is that she will read ahead of the class in Latin. She "puts across" whatever she attempts.

ANN ELLERBE

"Best kind of a sport and a pal true-blue."

A cheerful giggle and Ann are inseparable companions. If somebody must introduce a new meter for poetry, Ann must be that person. Readers of THE SCRIBBLER look forward to her regular contribution. This old world will be brightened because of her merry, vibrant personality.

FRANCES ENTREKIN

"We can do more good by being good than in any other way."

Although Frances is very quiet, you always know when she is around, because—oh, just because she's Frances. She is one of the brightest, one of the most stylish, one of the most popular, and one of the most lovable girls in our class.

DOROTHY EVANS

"Ready to join in all the fun,
Little caring if lessons be done."

"Dot" came to us in her Junior year. When it comes to basketball, she is a "knock-out" forward—she just "puts them through" without the least apparent effort. Her good sportsmanship is indeed a worthy asset. She sticks by her friends through thick and thin. The good will of her classmates follows her as she leaves ol' S. H. S.

BERNARD FOSTER

"Take everybody's advice, then do as you please."

Bernard is undoubtedly one of the leaders of our class. His scholarship record is extremely remarkable. Nevertheless, he has had time to win a position on two varsity squads. As Athletic Editor of THE SCRIBBLER he has done splendid work.

CATHERINE FOSTER

"Never trouble trouble 'til trouble troubles you."

"Cat" is the kind of a girl that everybody likes to have around. With her sunny curls, her freckled face, and her merry laugh, she has won a warm place in all our hearts. She takes everything as it comes, for she believes—"things are bound to happen, therefore why worry?"

BILL GAINES

"A man in all the world's new fashion planted,
That hath a mint of phrases in his brain."

Here he comes—Bill! Hail to one of our editors-in-chief of THE SCRIBBLER! He is very original. Perhaps this is the reason that he has a trade-mark all of his own, a black and white striped lumber-jack and a slouch hat. He never fails to defend his own ideas, and he has what many of us lack, the desire to learn facts and reasons. He is an intellectual specimen, all right.

HELEN GASH

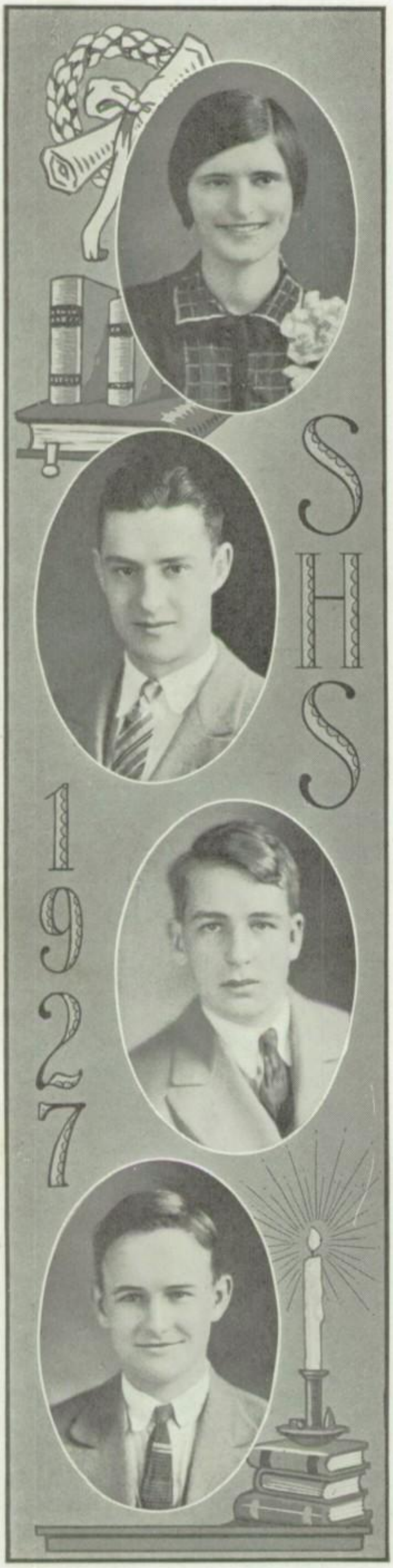
"Worry and I have not met."

As you can see by her picture, Helen is pretty. She's sweet and quiet, too. If she ever worries over anything, she keeps it to herself, for we've never seen her anything but tranquil. When Miss Begg says, "Well, that's good! I'm glad somebody has been listening!" she is usually talking to Helen, for this young lady certainly knows her French idioms. Ask Helen if History will be one of the subjects in her college curriculum, and see what she says.

HELEN GILLESPIE

"Leave silence to the saints—I am but human."

Somehow, Helen manages to carry on an endless chatter and to keep her attention on her lessons at the same time. She can explain anything from passages in Milton to the "solar spectrum." When we think of her, we always think of wavy hair, of mischievous brown eyes, of high grades, and, above all, of a true friend.



CAROLYN GORE

"Wheresoe'er thou move, good luck shall fling her old shoe after."

Carolyn's luck and her laugh are things of fame. Nobody knows how she manages to get so much done in study hall. But do it she does, and well, too, as her marks show. She's optimistic about the most pessimistic of things, and she keeps 4-A laughing at her witty and original remarks. Here's to Carolyn!

DOUGLAS GRAHAM

"Girls may come and girls may go,
And I'll be right behind 'em."

This motto surely fits "Doug." Whether he would be before them or behind them is a question of doubt, as he is well-favored by the "fair sex." "Doug" is the kind of chap who makes school life in spring bearable. His wit has brightened many a class. How he can be the teacher's "pest" and "pet" at the same moment is beyond comprehension.

KEITH GRANT

"Look wise and get the benefit of the doubt."

Grant is no relative of Ulysses S., but he has a fighting spirit. Day by day, he valiantly fights Physics and French, never tiring, never complaining. He generally passes, but sometimes the wrong way. Well, he's a fine scout nevertheless.

JOSEPH GRIFFIN

"Roll on, old world, and I'll roll with you."

As long as the world rolls of its own accord, that's all right. But should it quit rolling, and any effort be required to start it again, Joe would let it stand still. Who has ever seen him poring over dull books? Or who remembers the time when he came to school five days out of the week? However, his Physics mark at the end of the month is sufficient to make him wear a smile until time for the next report. Perhaps this accounts in some way for his cheerfulness and optimism.

CLYDE HAIRSTON

"In hearts, steel is more valuable than gold."

No, Clyde is not a boy! Clyde is a girl, and a very good girl, too. She doesn't waste the time of the class by that incessant chatter which is so characteristic of some students. Her conscientiousness will serve her well in her future career.

MARY HAMMOND

"That girl who hath a tongue, I say is no girl,
If with her tongue she cannot win a man."

The inadequacy of words makes us hesitate before attempting a description of Mary. She is noted for shooting the teachers a line—a line for which they generally fall. We wish her the best of luck for next year at Winthrop.

JENNILLE HANNON

"Flirt, and the boys flirt with you."

She's just a little person, but believe me, she has a great big heart. Jennille's dreamy blue eyes have made more than one boy's heart go ker-plunk. She evidently believes that "she who laughs last, laughs best," for she always comes trailing in on the last lap of merriment with her merry chuckle, which starts us all over again.

MARY HARRIS

"My heart is whole, my fancy free;
Go along, small boys, don't bother me."

Although Mary has a date every night and is up town every afternoon, she is always prepared on her lessons. Indeed, she shines in French. We wish her the best of luck at Salem next year.

JAMES HART

"Eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow we graduate—maybe."

Jim! One doesn't hear from him much, but he's there just the same. Some people say he is a quiet boy; others know he's "quite" the sheik. James had bad luck by breaking his leg in the first football game this year. He is a hard worker and a good sport.

MARTHA HILL

"Lithe, blythe and merrie was she."

Martha is right there when a joke is to be told or any fun is to be had. She doesn't let her fun interfere with her imagination when it comes to writing. She writes the most fanciful of stories. What's more, she gets the rush of the evening at hops. We know that good luck will hang on to her always.

MINNIE HILL

"Her smile is the lake which the breeze is upon,
When it breaks into dimples and laughs in the sun."

"Min" is the soul of argument, and wherever she goes there's a dispute. If she stays in one place long enough, there is a row. During "Min's" four years at High School, in changing from the state of a verdant Freshman to that of a sophisticated Senior, she has found herself to excel in Mathematics, but to cater to declining marks in History. Minnie, as you set sail upon the sea of life, we wish you "Bon voyage!"

LOUISE HILLMUTH

"The world and life are too big to pass for a dream."

Louise, a vivacious little blonde, is acutely conscious of everything that takes place. Things that seem ordinary and commonplace to us interest her deeply. She is a cheerful individual with a confident outlook on life, a dreamer who makes her dreams come true.

DEANE HINES

"She mixes reason with pleasure
And wisdom with mirth."

Deane is a regular Suzanne when it comes to tennis, and a second Snodgrass when it comes to jazz. She keeps up with the latest books and pictures, but she keeps up with her lessons, too. In fact, she is an honor roll pupil. "Nuff said!"

JANE HOBBS

"Her very frowns are fairer far
Than smiles of other maidens are."

"Sister"! Who is "Sister"? Jane, of course. And who is Jane? The outstanding member of our Senior class! Her popularity and her looks and her sweet personality are things of High School fame. We hear of a little kind word here, and a kind deed there, and we know that Jane has been before us.

SARAH HOPPER

"Give me music and true friends, and life will be a pleasure."

Sarah, better known to us as "Hop," has won many warm friends since coming to High School. "Hop" is inclined to be a bit pessimistic, but she has a great sense of humor, too. We feel assured that with her charming personality "Hop" will always have music and true friends.

AMBROSE HUDGENS

"He that has light within his own clear breast
May sit in the center and enjoy bright day."

"Desperate Ambrose" is indeed our Prince of Wales and Wails. He is up-to-date, even to a silk handkerchief in his pocket. He is the Prince of Wails in Physics, for when the end of the month rolls around and reports are the students' largest worry, he *bewails* his small knowledge of this science.

HORACE HUNNICUTT

"Alas, poor Yorick, he was a faithful fool."

Horace can sing; he can make a piano sit up and beg; he can draw rhythm out of a drum that would delight a Comanche. But, above all, "Bozo" can make two laughs spring where but one frown lingered before. His wit is not of the stereotype variety. It is original, and so is Hunnicutt. Our loss will probably be Broadway's gain. Here's luck!

ODESSA HUNTER

"Man is not meant to live alone."

Odessa is an excitement "Hunter." She never fails to be present at all our games. She yells, too, when she is there—that is, unless we are playing against Charlotte. Her diminutive attractiveness and her eyes, sparkling with pep, have entranced someone there. Between her engagements on the outside and her dates at home, it's a marvel that she has any time to devote to lessons. Just turn through the pages of THE SCRIBBLER, though, if you want any proof of her literary talent. Her poetry is delightful!

EDWIN JEFFRIES

"I came, I saw, I conquered."

Look out, girls—here he is. You might as well hang up your lassoes though, you "line-slingers," because no one has tripped this "Beau Brummel" yet. "Doc" has been one of our old stand-bys in football and basketball for two years. We hate to lose him, not only for that reason, but because he is popular among students as well as teachers.

LOUIS JOHNSON

"He is not the man in the moon, but the stars are within his reach."

Stop, girls, and look at Louis' permanent wave! He isn't so bashful that he would object. It is true that you'll have to look toward the stars if you see that wave, for he is so tall that he reaches down to touch the top. This may be one reason he's such a good basketball player.

WILLIE KAIGLER

"Wit and humor cover a multitude of faults."

Willie has wit and humor, but very few faults to cover. Although she is small in size, she is mountains in personality. She has never been known to miss a History question. Even English essays cannot sadden her smiling countenance.

MEDORA KAMINER

"Postpone your worries until tomorrow, and you'll have none today."

Medora, somehow, manages to throw all her cares to the winds. In fact, few come her way. Besides her economies with cares, she's *very* economical with the midnight oil, and wastes no time on foolish lessons. Just mention Wofford to Medora, and she can name the whole student body.

HELEN KENNEDY

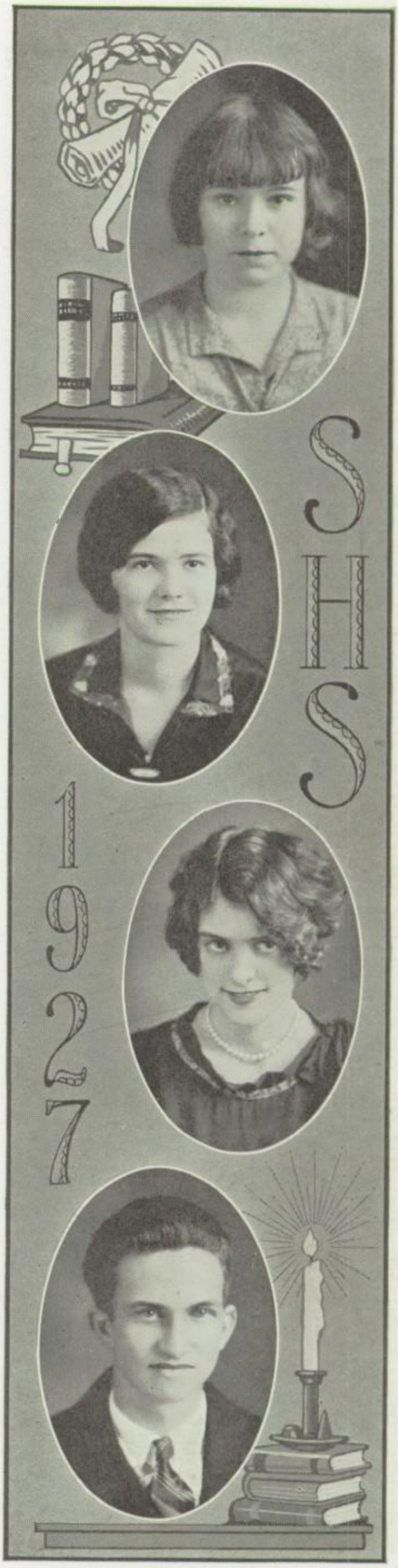
"Happiness is cheaper than worry,
So why pay the higher price?"

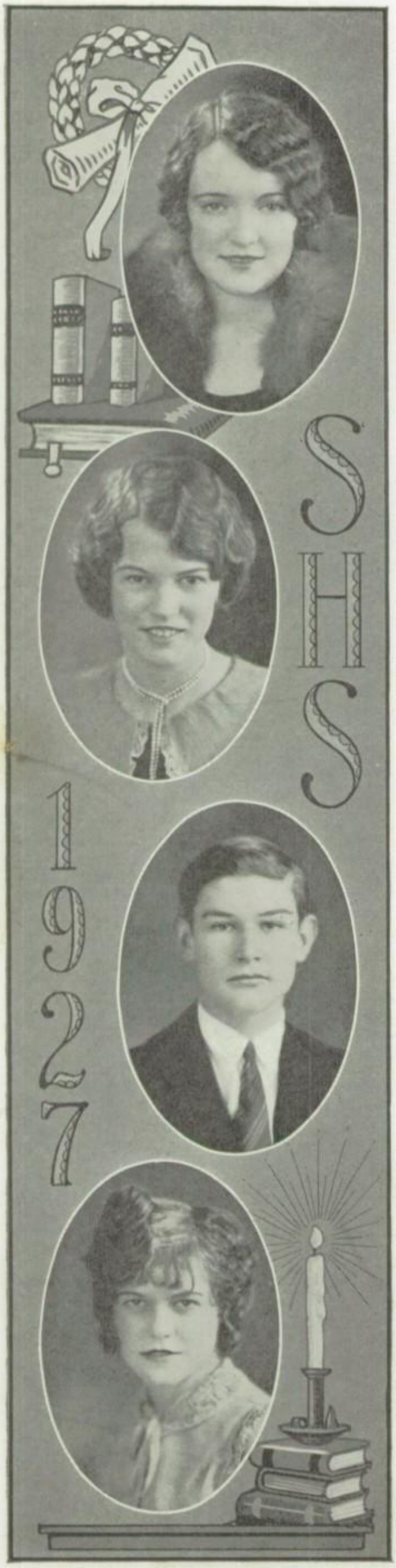
Flashing teeth, sparkling eyes, a carefree giggle—Helen! She is one girl who can be a pal to you "always." Hers is a merry disposition and a generous heart.

CLINTON KING

"Ay, in every inch a King."

"Sleepy" is not always what this nickname implies, for he is wide-awake when playing basketball or tennis. He seems to be a quiet and timid boy, but these characteristics vanish when he begins to sing. By his composure he has gained favor with his fellow-students.





PINCKNEY KING

"I am as I am, and so will I be."

An extraordinary little chuckle, beautiful red hair, and blue eyes are only three things with which to describe "Pink." Strange to say, a temper does not accompany her red hair. She isn't talkative, unless there's something to talk about. Does she like Citadel dances? Oh, my, yes! Why? We do not know, for only "Pink" knows that.

ELIZABETH KIRBY

"A daughter of the gods, divinely tall, and most divinely fair."

Elizabeth is one of the neatest girls of the class. Strange to say, she excels in both music and Latin. Whenever a joke hovers in the air, she is alert, nor is she one who laughs last. She loves the movies and a good time, but pleasure doesn't have any effect upon her marvelous grades. Some college will find her a very lovable student.

EDWARD KOON

"If French were the only cause of death, I'd have eternal health."

Our friend Koon is no kin to the other famous animals that bear his name. He is a jovial, clever, friendly, and jolly fellow.

FANNIE MAE LANFORD

"Life, what art thou, without love?"

Fannie Mae is one of the smallest and most attractive girls in the Senior class. Nothing ever seems to excite her, not even her books. Those who know her, love her. "Nuff sed."

SAM LANCASTER

"Taint not your minds with History and Latin."

If it were not for Sam, twenty-five students would be deprived of the privilege of attending High School. He drives the bus to school from East Spartanburg every morning. So far, he has had only thirty-four accidents. He is as good a student as he is an automobile driver. Sam's careless good nature has made him very popular. We know that his ambition to become a doctor will be realized.

FRANK LEE

"A smile for all, a greeting glad,
A lovable, friendly way he had."

Frank has shown his executive ability as Business Manager of THE SCRIBBLER. Since he is a very versatile boy, we are not sure yet whether he will write a second "Æneid" or help the Giants win the National pennant. Whatever he chooses for his career, however, we know that his cheerfulness and ability will help him to succeed.

KATHERYN LEWIS

"Why worry? Care killed a cat!"

If worry were the only thing that could ever kill Katheryn, she'd live to be another Methuselah, for she doesn't waste many minutes engaging in that profitless pastime. She doesn't even worry about exams, but she always comes out on top. Hers is a happy disposition to have.

GEORGE LITTLE

"Why then the world's mine oyster,
And I with sword will open it."

Look! Who is this but our own Editor-in-chief! Not only is he one of our Editors, but also one of our cheer leaders. Furthermore, he is the person who keeps 4-A from being an entire class of suffragettes. George is forever talking in a brogue which makes him a distinct individual. After school is out, he is going 'way up to Delaware. With him go our wishes for good luck and success.

MARGARET MACOMSON

"Knowledge is proud that she has learned so much;
Wisdom is humble that she knows no more."

If you hear someone saying, "Please, somebody, read my French," you can be sure that Margaret is somewhere near. Lessons that have not been studied cast no more than a fleeting shadow over her countenance. Margaret is a jolly, good old sport, ready to join in any fun. We all wish her much success.

VIRGINIA MAGNESS

"She can dance, she can sing,
She can do 'most anything."

Who doesn't know "Shorty." She is not too short to hold all the pep and fun one could wish for. She is a good rooter at the games, a hard worker for THE SCRIBBLER, and a school companion to everybody. School doesn't worry "Shorty," for she knows how to be on friendly terms with the teachers and how to check their frowns. Among her other accomplishments, she has had a successful theatrical career.

RAVENEL MANSFIELD

"Girls—what foolish things they are!
Yet, how drear the world would be without them."

One reason we might suggest for "Rab's" universal popularity is that most people prefer blondes. A perpetual smile, a heart of gold, flat feet, a weakness for the "speaker" sex, and the manners of a true gentleman are the ingredients that make up his likable nature.

PRESCOTT MARTIN

"Don't take life too seriously; you will never get out of it alive."

"Pres" has a noble mind, but he never uses it except in the history class. He only wears a hat in woodpecker season. His kind of face (funny kind) always seems to attract the attention of the "dumber" sex. . . . Bull loose! Danger!

JUANITA MASON

"Nothing groveling, low, or meanly selfish comes near her heart or head."

Quietness, sincerity, and steadiness are some of Juanita's admirable qualities. Her brilliancy in Mathematics is one of her gifts that is wondered at and envied by her classmates. To all whom she counts as friends she is always true, and if she has any enemies no one has ever heard of them. The quotation below her name describes her better than we can, however, so just read it again and you'll know why we like her.

LILA MATHEWES

"Ambition rules my brain, and love my heart."

When you go up-town, you can always see this fair damsel riding down the Main Drag in *one* of her cars with a bunch of "Mr. Wofford's" little boys. Wofford, however, isn't the only college she keeps posted on, for Lila's constantly writing epistles to the Citadel and N. C. State. This may be one reason why she's always late to school, for never does she permit duty to interfere with play.

MILDRED MERRILL

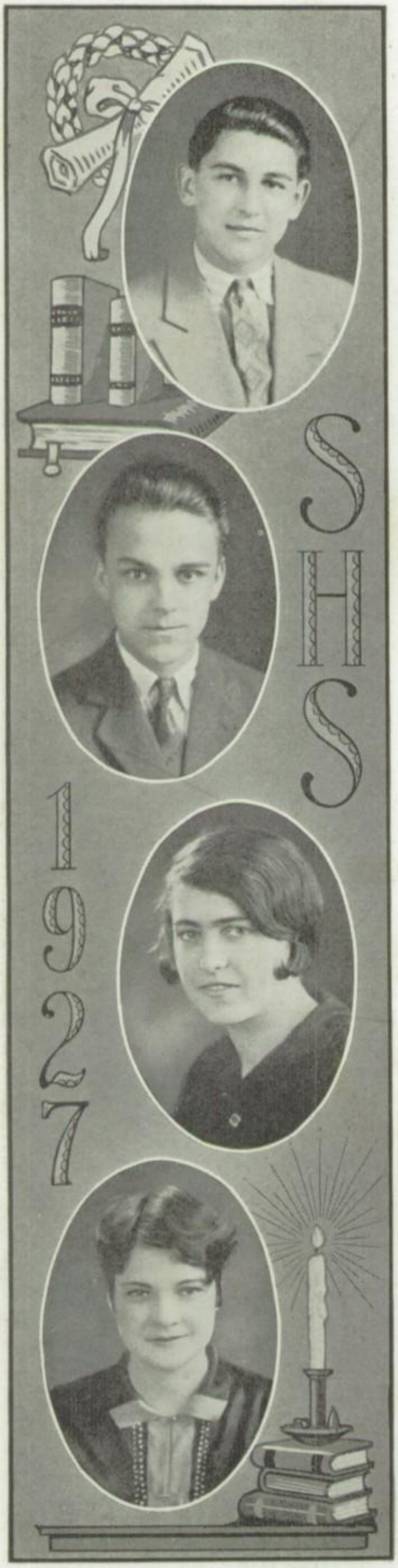
"Woman is to be loved, not understood."

Mildred is another one of those preferred blondes. She stands a desirable witness for the affirmative side of a famous statement concerning gentlemen and ladies of golden tresses. Although she is reserved at times, she is amiable always. Her sweet, gentle nature has won a place for her in the hearts of all of us.

BETSY MILLER

"The only way to have friends is to be one."

Betsy is a living example of this quotation, because she is friendly with everyone. She evidently believes that her best friend is her car, for she never parts company with it, except during school hours. Since we are not acquainted with the arts of Apollo or Cassandra, we cannot predict her future, but we wish her luck!



ELI MILLER

"While I live, I crow."

During the hours of torment, one might hear a loud voice vibrating throughout the corridors; this is none other than "Levi" convincing some poor teacher of his mistake. If anyone wants to change a sign-board, just call "Levi." All in all, he is right when he is wrong and wrong when he is right. As a student, he'd make a good soup cooler. Stop! Look! Listen!

HAROLD MILLER

"The law of the soul is eternal endeavor,
That lifts a man upward and onward
forever."

Harold is an earnest and hard-working student. Many times during the day he is beset by an "Explain this, please," but he never refuses. In the two years that he has been here he has gained the friendship of his associates in his quiet, unassuming manner.

THELMA MILLER

"Silence speaks forth wisdom."

Thelma is a very demure, quiet girl. Although she doesn't often talk, she is always interested in what is going on around her. When a "quadratic" can't be fathomed, she is usually ready to "dive" and find the answer for her classmates. Her promptness, shown by her regular attendance, is sure to bring her success.

SUSAN MINSHALL

"How happy I could be with either,
"Were t'other dear charmer away."

Wherever Susan is, there you may be sure to find a laughing group. In fact, Susan laughs and talks just about all the time. By her jolly spirit and her charming personality she has made friends of all of us, although she has been at our school only since Christmas. We are quite sure that wherever Susan may go, or whatever she may do, she will always have a host of friends. In fact, no one can help being crazy about "Susie."

SYLVANIA McCREARY

"It's no use to cry over spilt milk,
There's enough water in it already."

"Phenie" is a jolly good sport. She always studies hard, and consequently knows her lessons. Basketball, poems about little boys and Santa Claus, cheese tidbits, and any kind of fun appeal to her. She and her Ford, "Nancy," are always ready to do someone a good turn.

LOLLIE NOLEN

"Success comes only to those who are honest, industrious, and persistent."

To some Lollie may seem a bit reserved, but to those who know her best she has proved herself a true pal and good friend. She is a splendid History student, too. Maybe she will teach it some day, for her ambition is to become a renowned pedagogue.

MAGDALENE NORTH

"I envy those who know more than I do,
And pity those who know less."

Magdalene is just brimming over with good qualities, and "none know her but to love her." She likes visiting fortune tellers much better than going to school. In spite of their prophecies, we know that she will be successful.

GRACE O'SULLIVAN

"Precious parcels come in small packages."

"Grace O" is a tiny, adorable thing. She talks and laughs all the time, for fun is her middle name. What she doesn't know in History she certainly makes up for in "Math." We all love her dearly and wish for her every success in whatever she undertakes.

VIRGINIA PARKER

"Never frivolous, never slow, just the girl you'd like to know."

Virginia is blessed with a lot of common sense. She has a level mind which enables her to solve many algebraic or geometrical problems that remain riddles to others. Virginia is the type of girl who is never affected by sycophancy. She is very quiet and reserved, and is one of our few "dignified Seniors." Her ever-ready smile has won for her a warm spot in our hearts.

JOHN B. PARROTT

"For e'en tho' vanquished,
He could argue still."

When John has an idea, he feels that he must argue his point until all are convinced. We expect him to be a great lawyer some day. We will always remember John as one of our best football players and as one of our favorite classmates.

MAXIE PATTERSON

"Don't be too serious, don't be too gay,
But be a true-blue girl in every way."

Our fair-haired and smiling Maxie is, in truth, a "true-blue" girl. Her winning personality and her friendly disposition have endeared her to all of us. She is conscientious in her work, and yet is not a "book-worm," as she always finds time for plenty of music and friends.

NELLE PEARSON

"She is just the quiet kind whose nature never varies."

Nelle should be well known, because she is one of the few quiet and silent girls in Section 4-B. By her droll and slow way of reciting, she unconsciously makes everyone laugh. It is interesting to hear her explain the most boring Physics experiment. Nelle is a studious girl and a good pupil.

OPAL PEARSON

"The friendly grasp, the honest gaze,
The voice that means the thing it says."

Opal is quiet, reserved, and loyal. You can always depend on her for an honest opinion. She is courteous and sympathetic, never frowning or complaining. We are sure that life holds a bright future for her, so we bid her farewell with the best of wishes.

EUGENE PETTY

"A cheerful disposition is a fund of ready capital."

Whenever humor is mentioned, we unconsciously think of "Gene." His generosity is only exceeded by his good looks. Gene is a man from head to foot—(mostly feet). We feel confident that he has as many friends as any other member of our class.

LUCILLE POWERS

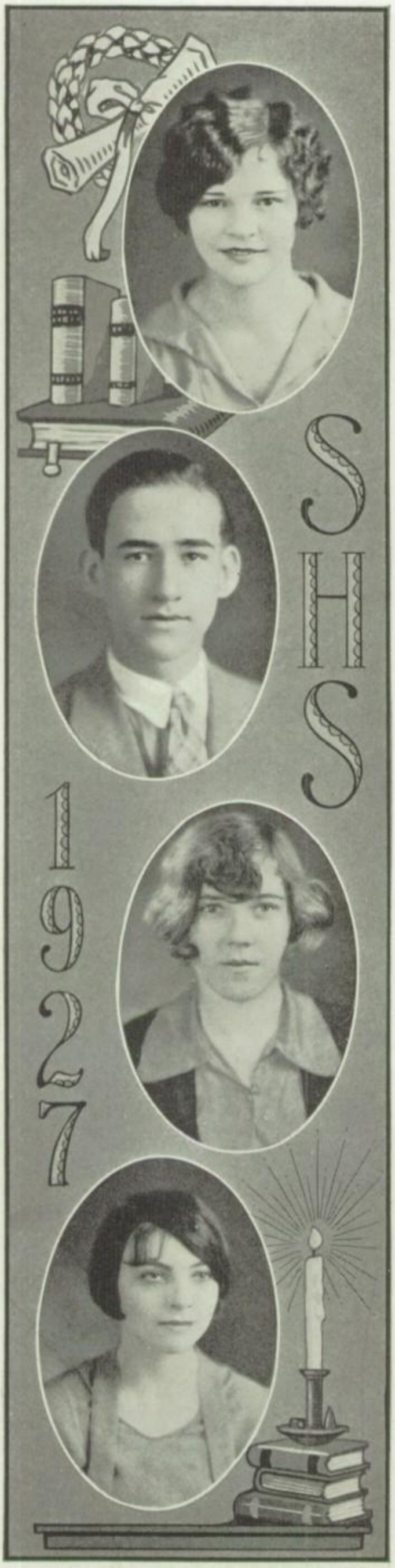
"Bound for success she seemed,
With grace to win, with heart to hold,
And shining gifts that took all eyes."

To see Lucille on the stage no one would think that she was only a high school Senior, for she can make you weep like few people can when she gets a chance at some tragedy. She has, in the course of her acting, made, besides her friends here, many friends at Wofford. We hope to hear some day of Lucille as the greatest actress of the day. We feel sure, furthermore, that our hopes will be realized.

BILL PRICE

"When duty whispers low, 'Thou must,'
The youth replies, 'I can'."

It's not William, Willie, Billy or Will, but Bill. His cheerful manner has won for him a coveted position among the students and teachers. His work is always well done, and he is the bright light of the Latin class. Bill's sense of humor has brightened many a dull moment for us.



MATTIE LEE PRICE

"Silence is deep as eternity,
Speech is shallow as time."

Mattie Lee, with those golden brown eyes, surely believes in her motto. She is about the most taciturn girl in the Senior class. If you want to know anything about Physics, ask Mattie Lee. We all wish her well in the future.

HUGH PROFFITT

"A little learning is a dangerous thing."

It is very seldom that Hugh digs very strenuously into the mine of knowledge. However, he is dependable and conscientious at all times. Hugh's dry wit and humor are the delight of his comrades. We wish him the greatest success in his future life.

PEARLE RAY

"Life is a jest, and all things show it;
I thought so once, but now I know it."

Four years ago Pearle gave herself to us. Now we give her to the world. Pearle has been a true comrade in our successes and difficulties. Wherever you see her, she is always smiling. "Success" we toast to her in whatever profession she shall choose, be it the teaching of Physical Geography or not.

MILLIE SCOTT

"She's worth her weight in gold."

If you need a friend, go straight to Millie. She's as steadfast as the stars. Her ready smile and her wit are two of her winning traits. She has often lightened our hearts with her fun when they were filled with fear for what the next period would bring forth.

OUIDA SCOTT

"To be good, rather than to be conspicuous."

We have all heard the old proverb, "Actions speak louder than words," and this is true of Ouida. Her words are certainly not loud, but she makes up for them in her good deeds and true friendships. Hers is a magnetic personailty.

CATHERINE SETZLER

"Not what seems fair, but what is true;
Not what we dream, but what we do."

Catherine certainly shows by her excellent scholarship that she doesn't just dream over everything, not even nine o'clock, for her attendance for the past four years has been perfect. Not only is Catherine brilliant, but she's just unselfish enough to be willing to share her knowledge with her less fortunate classmates.

VIRGINIA SHANKLIN

"For if she will, she will, you may depend on it;
And if she won't she won't—so there's an end on't."

Virginia is never seen that she is not surrounded by a crowd of unfinished papers, but she usually manages somehow to get the last period in its place before she has to give them up. When it comes to History, she outdoes the book—when it comes to dancing, she outdoes the nymphs!

FRANCIS SHUFORD

"Whatever is worth doing at all,
Is worth doing well."

"Shuford's" greatest ambition is to revise Noah Webster's early effort and to place before a yawning public a real dictionary. In the meanwhile, he is trying himself in the crucible of the schoolroom. If "Shuford" will abstain from reading "Childs' Editions," he will give us, as well as himself, keen enjoyment.

JOHN SPEAKE

"Not failure but low aim is crime."

He smiles his way into the hearts of those who know him. In the three years that he has been here he has gained a number of friends, especially those of the pulchritudinous type. He is not always very studious, but when he does study, there are few questions he can't answer.

MAY DEAN STEADMAN

"The secret of success is constancy of purpose."

May Dean is a friendly and conscientious girl. She always does her duty and studies her lessons. We believe that some day she will win laurels for herself.

BETTY STEELE

"Even virtue is more fair when it appears in a beautiful person."

We are all proud of Betty, the best-looking girl in the Senior class. She is not of the "beautiful but dumb" type, for she is quite as attractive and interesting as she is lovely. No, boys, you needn't start slicking back your hair and straightening your ties, for Betty is not going to waste even a glance on you. We wish her barrels o' luck.

FRANCES STEPHENS

"A smile for all, a greeting glad,
A lovable, jolly way she had."

Frances is a good sport and a sincere friend. She is a jolly, care-free girl, who never worries over the "ups and downs" of life—especially school life. Her loyalty and friendliness have won for her many friends during her High School career.

MARY ELLEN STRICKLAND

"Here's to the world, the merry old world,
To its days both bright and blue;
Here's to our future, be what it may,
Here's to our best—that's you."

The gods must have been in a very good humor when they bestowed upon Mary Ellen her gifts. Hers is a marvelous mind, a talent for music that is seldom surpassed, a friendly heart, and a loving disposition.

LONA TIMMONS

"Play the game fair,
For there is where the fun lies."

"Tim" is one of the biggest teases that ever existed. She seems to thrive on fun and laughter. She likes basketball and plays the game with perfection. "Tim" doesn't waste much time on her lessons, but by some unknown method always succeeds in answering her question. Here's luck to her future!

MATTIE KATE TINDALL

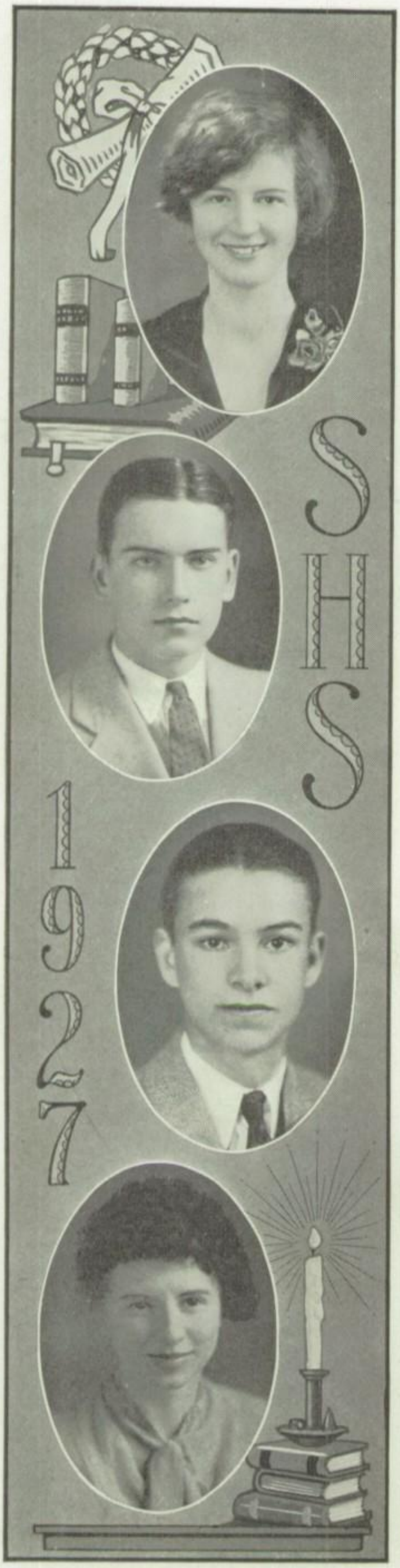
"Rare compound of quality, noble and true,
With plenty of sense and good humor, too."

Because of her sincerity and friendliness, Mattie Kate has won many friends among us. Not only does she rank high in our estimation, but in that of the teachers also, because she is faithful and conscientious in her work. Although we don't know just what Mattie Kate intends to do in the future, we wish her the best of luck and success in her undertakings.

DOROTHY VAUGHAN

"All things come to those who wait,
So why should I worry?"

"Dot" always comes in with a rush! Her "line" about the night before is sure to be tremendously interesting. She certainly isn't a chronic hypochondriac. She always sees the bright and humorous side of everything. When she's absent from school, we all wonder if she's been trying to learn how to drive the car again.



ALICE WALLACE

"O sleep, it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole."

Do hurry up, Alice! Just a half-minute before the bell rings! And then we breathe a sigh of relief when she walks in on time. Alice has been the source of our information as well as of our suspense. When we want to know anything, we go to Alice instead of an encyclopedia, and we never fail to find what we want.

JOHN WALLACE

"The world knows nothing of its greatest men."

John is a good, reliable specimen of humanity. His stature is firm and sturdy. He may be slow in his actions, but he generally accomplishes, some time or other, all he undertakes. He does not bother very much about wasting time over lessons. It is said that John is a sure bet with the girls.

CHARLES WALTER

"Argument is the spice of life."

He's small. Yes, he is small; but you don't have to look under a desk for him, for he makes one aware of his presence by his participation in every argument that arises. We are certain that his place on the stage of life is that of lawyer. His quick mind, his bright smile, and his cheerful disposition will be great assets in his future life.

RUTH WARD

"Look! she is winding up her wit,
And by and by it will strike."

Ruth has a keen sense of humor. Even the professors appreciate her witty sallies. Her scholarship proves that she utilizes her quick mind for higher things. Ruth's hair is no more sunny than her smile and her happy way. We are certain that our class poem will be just as fine as her inspired poem on "Christmas Bells," for, you see, Ruth is our class poet.

DEAN WHITE

"Such this man is; who now, from here removed,
At length enjoys that liberty he loves."

Impulsive as Jackson, gallant as Washington, and possessing a desire for freedom as Henry, Dean is destined to become great. Here's to you, "Alonzo"—may your future throne of power be more stable than your saddle!

FRANK WHITE

"Never judge a man by the opinion his best girl has of him."

Frank's personality is refreshingly original. His alertness and quick wit have made him popular with everyone. His optimism and his enthusiasm will cause him to come out on top in any project he attempts to promote.

MYLES WHITLOCK

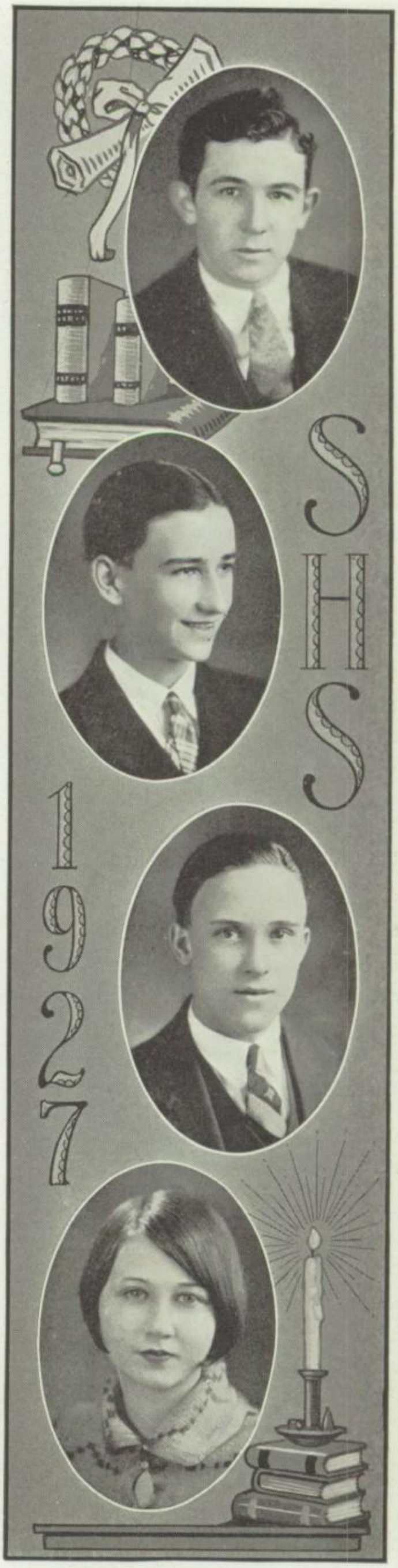
"Genius wins sometimes; hard work always."

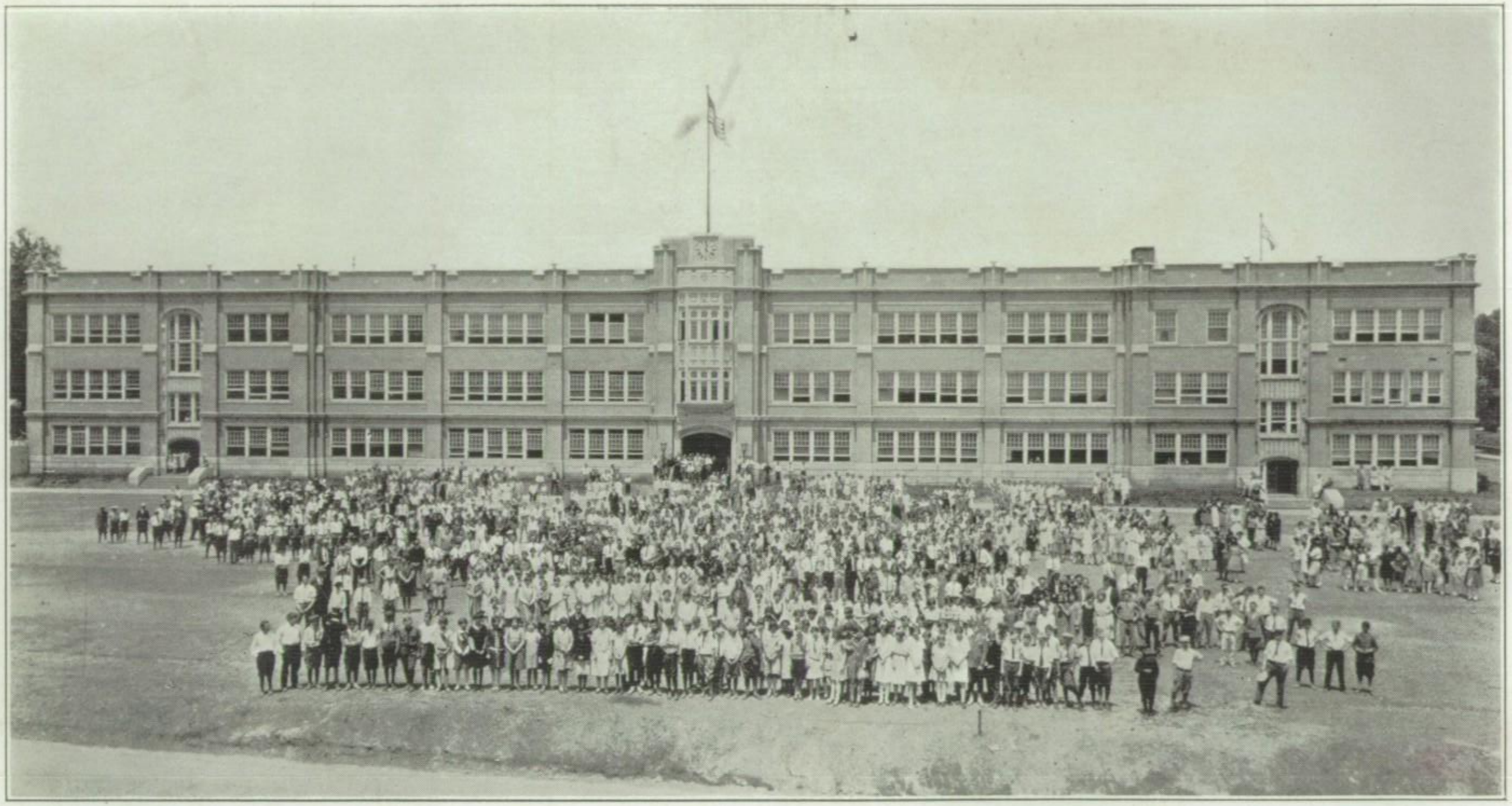
Although he does not claim to be a ladies' man, we suspect that he is trying to fool us. Even if he isn't a lover, he is a good student and a true friend. May Fate deal him a good share of happiness.

LOU ELLEN WOFFORD

"If studying interferes with pleasure, cut out studying."

Who is that playing with so much ease and proficiency? Why, Lou Ellen, of course. She surely excels when it comes to "making a piano talk," and may well be envied. Lou Ellen is very accommodating and is always willing to do her share. We hope that as she slides down the banisters of life, she will never strike a splinter.





RECESS PERIOD AT HIGH SCHOOL

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

EDITORS-IN-CHIEF

BILL GAINES, '27 GEORGE LITTLE, '27

"Ride, Boldly Ride"

"Over the Mountains
Of the Moon,
Down the Valley of the Shadow,
Ride, boldly ride,"
The shade replied,
"If you seek for Eldorado."

This quotation is taken from a poem by Poe of a knight, "gayly bedight," that rode through all kinds of weather and all sorts of countries in search of "Eldorado." But this bold knight grew old as he wandered, and sad when he found no spot of ground that resembled "Eldorado." In the course of his wanderings he met a shade who told him the words above.

There are many people to be seen every day who, like the knight of Poe's poem, wander about in search of success, but never find it, never accomplish anything worth while. Far back

in their minds is a hope that perhaps some day they will succeed. But they do not have their eyes and purposes firmly fixed on any one thing. Every crook and cranny that presents itself is explored. They search for the royal road to success and do not realize that there is none, but that they must ride boldly through many failures and disappointments, "down the valley of the shadow," before finally reaching their coveted "Eldorado."

We seniors are now going out in search of success. May we not be like the failures which we see around us every day, but may we all find the goal toward which to direct every effort, and then ride with flying colors. Go to it, fellow-students. Let's send back to the dear old school the most glowing records that have ever been received at the Alma Mater. Let's "ride, boldly ride," during these years that are between us and our "Eldorado."

ALICE WALLACE, '27.

Perseverance

Robert Bruce, Earl of Carrick, having been severed in a skirmish from his Scottish troops, concealed himself in a small cave. As he lay, awaiting nightfall, he reflected. The English had defeated his forces six times. In despair he half resolved to return to the Holy Land and spend the remainder of his life fighting the Saracens.

While he was in this dubious state, his eye came to rest upon a small spider. Enchanted, he momentarily forgot his weighty cares. The small creature attempted to swing its web to a nearby rock six times, but in vain. "Now," thought Bruce, "if the spider succeeds this time, I will venture a seventh effort; but if he fail, I'll return to Palestine." Once again the spider swung with great force and finally succeeded in attaching its web. With renewed vigor Bruce went forth and battled more successfully against the English troops.

Since much, O Senior, may also depend upon our perseverance, we, like the spider, must be indefatigable in our efforts. If our first attempts are not crowned with the victor's laurels, we must try once, twice, and again. We must slay Failure; subdue Disappointment; banish Discouragement; disarm Depression. We must venture a *seventh* time in all our worthwhile projects.

Our paths in the future will, of course, be separated. Some of us may seek our fortunes in the business world; others will dive deeper in the Sea of Knowledge for intellectual pearls. In either pursuit there will be obstacles to overcome and Minotaurs to slay. We must keep in mind the lesson of the spider and, with unflagging zeal, work until success applauds our endeavors.

BERNARD FOSTER, '27.

Enduring Epitaphs

By an interesting coincidence I heard in conversation with friends during the same week of two very peculiar tombstones. One had come to a friend's notice because of the excess of the inscription on all four sides of the stone, which, standing in a now abandoned and forgotten cemetery, contained the whole life history and character analysis of some deceased human. The other was conspicuous because of its simplicity, and especially so because it was nameless. The grave most inscribed contains a now unknown man, while the unmarked slab is that of Bill Nye, popular and loved American humorist.

We seniors are now standing at the threshold of Life. Let us pause, ere we step, to consider the course of our journey through the coming years.

Two distinct highways lie before us. Ours must be the choice between them. One of them leads to notoriety and fame; the other, to true success. The first is one of selfish lust and blind egotism; the second, of whole-hearted devotion to the needs of others. The record of one may be brazenly carved on a soon-forgotten slab; that of the other will be engraved on the grateful hearts of a people. Will we, heedless of our duty to others less fortunate, fix our eyes on one star, self-glory; or will we, forgetful of self, devote our short span in service for mankind? It is he who succeeds in giving somethir- benefit to humanity, it is he alone, who has achieved true 'Is life only has been worth while.

May each one of us leave behi me never-to-be-forgotten reminder of his service to hu May each one depart, not indebted to the world for ar pleasure, but with the world owing him a debt of gratit May each one's record be carved on the grateful hearts o llowmen.

GEORGE W. LITTLE, '27.

The Spring-Tide of Life

"The year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hill-side's dew-pearled:
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in His heaven—
All's right with the world."

We stand at the spring-tide of life, with the riches of education and a bright vista of opportunities stretching before us. What we shall do with these opportunities rests with each of us. In our school life, true to type, we have all met with different degrees of success. Some have soared like the lark, far aloft, winning laurels in all that we did. Others, like the snail, have crept onward. Yet each, through perseverance, has finally arrived at the desired goal. So in our future life we shall soar like the lark or creep like the snail, according to our God-given talents, but all will be right with the world if we do our best.

FRANK LEE, '27.

Unsheathed Swords

"Shall we then sheathe our still victorious sword,
Turn back our forward step—?"

As the knights of old realized that the end of their great crusade was approaching, this is the question they asked. So we, seeing the close of our high school days draw near, ask a similar one. Shall we stop our education with a high school course, leave the battlefield of learning, and thus "turn back our forward step"? Or shall we go on fighting and struggling for another educational victory?

We, adventurous youths, are prone to look into the future with inexperienced eyes. When we see the many things which the world has to offer, we find it hard to buckle down to books and to study again. We are desirous of seeking immediately our fortunes rather than of fitting ourselves for real success. To follow such inclinations might be to forfeit wonderful opportunities. Let us, therefore, heed the advice of our parents, teachers, and friends and continue our struggle for an education. Let us sheathe not our mental faculties, but let us sharpen and brighten them with constant use.

MARTHA HILL, '27.

Senioritis

"Heaven knows I had no such intent;
But that necessity so bow'd the state,
That I and greatness were compell'd to kiss."

Why do people keep harping on senior dignity, and on how "stuck up" and conceited seniors are? We admit that we are great, and, as a consequence of our greatness, we quite naturally act with becoming dignity. But why should we be blamed? It certainly isn't our fault that we happen to be celebrities.

It really is a very unfortunate situation. I had hoped that I would escape with a very light case of senioritis. Long years ago I resolved that when I reached that much-desired time, my senior year at high school, I would act as though graduating were an every-day occurrence to me. But no—I, too, am afflicted with the knowledge of my greatness. This "big-headedness" seems to be an hereditary ailment which each senior class bequeaths to its successor. There's no escaping it.

But don't let your good opinion of yourself, fellow senior, worry you at all. It won't last any longer than the summer vacation. Just enjoy it while you can. Be just as "stuck-up," just as conceited, and just as dignified and proud as you want to, because it's your senior privilege to be so.

However, there's just one thing to remember. On the last day of next August, or, at the least, the first day of September, forget all of your previous greatness, and realize that you are the basest of mortals. If you don't, the consequences will be heart-rending, for in the month of September high school seniors are converted into "rats" again, and a conceited "rat" is intolerable to sophomores. I know, because my sister was a senior last year, and this year she is a freshman. The difference is very marked indeed.

HELEN GILLESPIE, '27.

Aurelia Bush

As one of the Editors-in-Chief, I take this opportunity of mentioning the debt and gratitude that THE SCRIBBLER owes Aurelia Bush, our Art Editor. The annual this year is illustrated to an extent never before attempted. The entire task of mounting these pictures fell upon Aurelia. Undertaking the work with determination, she has accomplished her unequaled portion with an attractiveness very striking and masterly. Our appreciation

of this shall endure as long as these very pages, which are, themselves, competent testimonials of her service.

GEORGE LITTLE, '27.

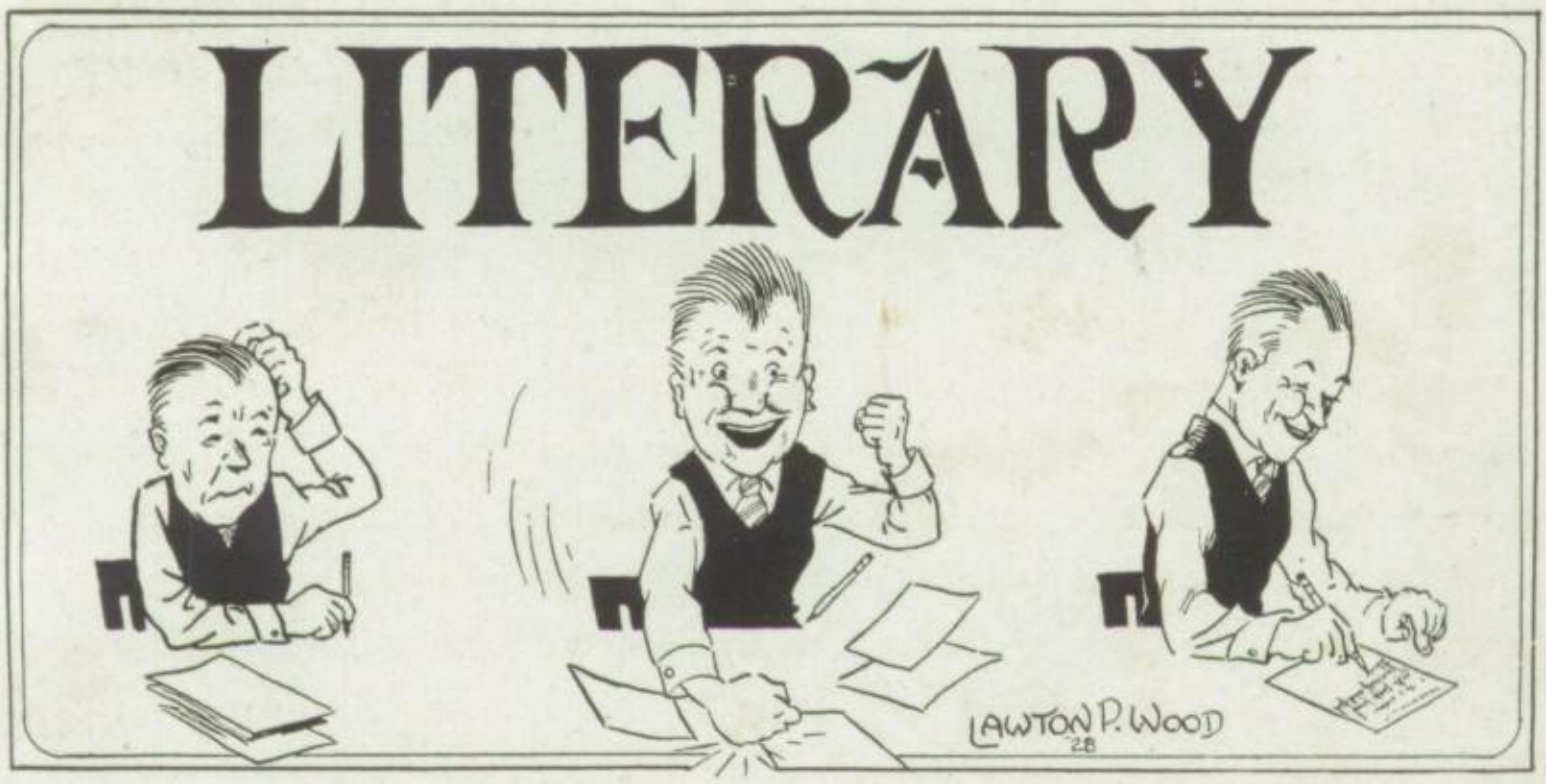
A Parting Word

Comes the parting of the way, and with parting come memories, recollections, desires, and ambitions. Some of the fullest moments of our lives have been spent in the confines of Spartanburg High School—some of the happiest in its shadows. Its spirit and its traditions have woven themselves into our very heartstrings. Its aspirations have imbued us with such a zeal that only realization can abate the ardor of it. Its hopes are our hopes—its faith our incentive.

As we go forth, as many others before us have gone, we look back upon four years of pleasant companionship, of faithful instruction, and of constructive influences. We have contracted friendships and associations that shall leave us only with death. We have expanded in knowledge and in power through the never-tiring efforts of our instructors. We have developed in an environment conducive to the growth of only the best in mind, spirit, and body. We have been prepared to face the ebb and tide of Life's sea, and face it we will with determination, with courage, with faith backed by the faith of a school.

We depart with the most grateful of hearts toward those who have helped us in our preparation for the Great Adventure. We leave our many friends, but with a pang of regret. We direct our foosteps toward the threshold of Life with unfaltering tread. We go, but we will return.

BILL GAINES, '27.



POETRY EDITOR.....LUCIA ATKINSON, '27.
ESSAY EDITOR.....ALICE WALLACE, '27.
STORY EDITOR.....MARY A. DUNBAR, '27.

AN INTERVIEW WITH OUR PRINCIPAL

THE BELL RANG. It marked the end of the period, and, for me, it was as a knell that sounds for a forlorn hope. With that bell, I had been told I was to go to the "office." Why that particular teacher made me wait until the bell to face the then dreaded visitation of wrathful authority is still a mystery to me. Perhaps she knew that suspense adds to the fear of a thing, and thus increases the punishment; then perhaps she didn't.

With leaden tread, I dragged myself to the office as though I were leading my own funeral procession. Dinning in my ears was the pessimistic admonition of some inner voice, "You'll get it! You'll get it this time!" And "get it" I expected. I entered the sanctum sanctorum. No one was there. I waited. Tiring, I sat down.

The office then presented a very different aspect from its present commodious quarters. As all this happened four years ago, there have necessarily been a great many improvements in order to cope with the increased demands and the heightened responsibilities of the organization. Then it was composed of one room, well-lighted with some five or six windows, but with only one door. That single exit preyed on my mind as I sat and contemplated this inquisitional chamber, for I considered the

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difficulties of making a hasty departure, if, by any mischance, matters got beyond my control. They sometimes did in my early high school days. Time passed, and as my eye wandered over the simple, fitting furnishings of the place, the jagged edges of my nerves began to prick me. I wondered if I would ever feel peaceful again—if the ordeal would ever be over.

The 'phone on the desk tinkled. No one came to answer it, and it rang again. Waiting then for a full minute, it repeated its impatient clamor with such persistence and vigor as to startle me. Rather than be tolled to death, I cautiously arose, tip-toed across the room, and gingerly lifted the receiver.

"H-h-hello!" I gulped.

"Is this the high school?" came in feminine tones over the wire.

"Y-y-yes, ma'am! Did you want to speak to *him*—I mean, yes, ma'am!"

"Well, would you tell my little girl, Mary, to be sure to wear her overshoes out at recess, as it looks as though it might rain? And tell her to go by the dressmaker's and bring home her new dress, please."

Clang! And she had hung up without even divulging her name.

"Who was it?" a voice asked, and I whirled around to see Mr. Jenkins standing in the doorway.

"Some lady who wanted her Mary to wear her rubbers out at recess. She didn't tell me her last name," I quaveringly replied.

"People call up every day making such foolish requests. Did you want to see me?"

It had come at last. With a hand I could hardly control, I handed him the pedagogic dispatch that had brought me on this dreadful expedition.

He read it, and then looked up at me.

"Was it necessary," he asked, "for you to throw that spit-ball?"

I immediately launched myself into fairly plausible if almost incoherent explanations of the deed. I was not to blame. No, indeed! Who was? I didn't know. Not I, at any rate.

"Do you think you can get through the remainder of the day without throwing any more of them?" he finally asked.

"Yes, sir. I'm sure I can, sir!" hopefully.

"You may go."

That was all. That incident comprised my first personal contact with Mr. L. W. Jenkins.

. . . . . .

Since that first interview, I have come to know better Mr. Jenkins as the friend and as the man that he is. The next visit to his office of which I am going to speak was, I assure you, an altogether voluntary one. The most important matter in the embryo graduate's consideration during the closing months of school is the selection of a college at which to continue his studies. Mr. Jenkins is a man who listens to with courteous attention, and who advises with thoughtful care all who ask his counsel. Thus it was that I sought an interview with him.

He was sitting at his desk in his inner office when we first started talking. I was fortunate enough to have caught him at one of those rare moments when a hundred other things are not demanding his attention. Consequently, after I had received the information which had brought me there, I eagerly grasped at the opportunity of an informal chat. During the course of the conversation, I noticed several things that distinguish the man. He had forsaken his office chair and was sitting in a cane-bottomed one that put him closer to me. His very informality is characteristic of his approachability. To talk with him is as to talk with a friend—a friend solicitous for your success.

"What, Mr. Jenkins," I asked at length, "do you consider the attributes of success?"

"To be successful," he replied, "one must be primarily honest and truthful. There is no person today that is successful in the sight of man or of God that is not honest. Many are the slips that can be condoned, but habitual lying is not among them. Following next, I would put reliability, the desire to work, willingness to start at the bottom, and ability to take orders. All these are essentials of success."

"Speaking of honesty, Mr. Jenkins, don't you think that the students of our school are unusually trustworthy?"

"Among the fourteen hundred pupils in this school," he said, "stealing is almost an unheard of thing. As you know, Bill, each of these pupils has an individual locker, but the locks provided for them are never used. It is strange to say that

practically the only thievery in this school has been confined to the locker rooms of the gymnasium, where everything is under lock and key. We have every reason to believe that even then some outsider was the offender, for all the things taken were stolen when these rooms were left open."

"Your mentioning the gymnasium leads me to ask another question which is somewhat of a digression. There is a rumor, especially among the boys of the student body, that the school officials are planning to enlarge our facilities for athletic training. Might I ask if we have grounds to hope that this is true?"

"Since our present equipment," he responded, "is adequate for only about five hundred pupils, such an extension must be made in the immediate future. The purpose of our athletic department is, as far as possible, to get every boy and girl in the school into some form of physical activity, and, to consummate this ideal, we must have facilities commensurate with the student body. We are more intent on reaching the underdeveloped and physically weak students through a program of systematic training than we are on further developing the already developed ones. It is a common sight to see some poor, little, undersized runt of a fellow stand on the sidelines of an athletic contest and cheer for the team, while all the time he is wishing that *he* were in the game—that *he* were the one scoring for his school. It is because of such students as these that we are planning to enlarge our physical training department and that we are running on such a heavy schedule. It is because of these that the coaches have introduced tennis, soccer, hockey, volleyball, basketball, baseball and football in the two forty-five minute periods that each class gets every week."

He was speaking with so much earnestness and enthusiasm that I was unwilling for him to discontinue the discourse.

"Do you attach," I immediately asked, "any value to athletics other than the physical benefits to be derived therefrom?"

"Most assuredly, I do. The student who takes a part in athletics and sports is preparing himself to take his part in the greater game of life. He is learning some of the great lessons that will be of paramount importance to him in later years. Athletic games instill, or should instill, in the participant high ideals of sportsmanship, a sense of fairness and of justice toward

all, subordination of self to others, respect for those in authority, and a wholesome spirit of coöperation. Such training is of inestimable value. It is preparation which will make one step in with a spirit of coöperation and play his part in the subsequent activities of life rather than become a chronic 'knocker'."

"I think I can detect, Mr. Jenkins," I remarked with a feeling of pride, "the change that takes place in the student during the four years that he spends in this school. I don't know how much to attribute to athletics, but it seems to me that the senior has a fuller conception of loyalty and of coöperation than he had as a lawless freshman."

"Yes, the transition from an eighth grader to a senior is indeed remarkable. The child comes to us with no clear-cut ideas of school spirit, of coöperation, of responsibility, of self-government, or of proper conduct. During his first, second and third years, he gradually acquires a fuller conception of what these things involve. When he graduates, he can appreciate better the status quo of teacher and student. He can see the reasonableness of things against which he rebelled in his first year. The four years have simply turned the boy into the paths of manhood, the girl into those of womanhood."

At this juncture the office door was opened stealthily, and into the breach was poked the be-freckled countenance of a youth of some fourteen or fifteen summers. His thatch was of red—the sort of red that compels the masculine members of the bovine family to take up the war path. His blue eyes surveyed the room until they focused upon us, and then drew back hastily. There came a timid knock on the door.

"Come in," invited Mr. Jenkins.

The owner of the blue eyes and of the flaming locks reappeared. He gazed about the room as though he had never seen such ominous safes, desks, book-cases, and fellow-humans. He was a Daniel among the lions; a lamb among wolves.

"I was sent—uh, I mean, Miss—uh, here's a note."

A grubby paw extended to Mr. Jenkins a finger-printed note.

Even before the recipient of the epistle could start reading it, Red (as he had already become to me) commenced such a recital of woe and of outrageous indignities to his self-esteem, that only a martyr could have evolved from such ordeals.

"We older folks," he smiled, "are sometimes prone to make the mistake of thinking that you are merely preparing for life, whereas you are living *now*. We would understand your problems better if we would stop to consider that they are just as real as those we face every day in our business world. Personally, my experience leads me to have confidence and faith in our young people. Every day I see students patiently and perseveringly striving to embody those attributes of success that I enumerated at the beginning of our conversation. As I see it, the life of the pupil is only the 'broken arc' that shall some day become the 'perfect round' of the fully developed citizen. And then (it must have been a gleam of hope that brightened his eyes) will the ideals and aspirations of this school be realized."

BILL GAINES, '27.

WEAVER AND WEB

With busy gnarléd fingers, bent and old,
Intent upon her task, a weaver sits.
With skillful care her threads she deftly fits
Into a fragile fabric touched with gold.

The weaver is a slave of fairyland.
The queen a mantle new has ordered made;
For some great fete her grace must be arrayed
To rule in stately splendor o'er her band.

The toiling slave the treadle fleetly plies;
A delicate and shim'ring fabric grows;
With silent movement, swift and smooth it flows,
As steadily the busy spindle flies.

The weaver's task is finished ere the gloom
Is lighted by the silver moonlight pale.
A-billow, like a dream-boat's silken sail,
The finished mantle hangs upon the loom.

CECILE CHAPMAN, '27.

A MAKER OF LOVELY GARMENTS

HERE is a gay and lovely maiden who makes such beautiful garments from wonderful, many-hued substances, that the gods have her for their seamstress. Every day, early in the morning, she gathers up all of her material, and spreads it out over her work-table. Cloths of every texture and every color billow softly before her eyes.

Oh, what a task it is to choose from the collection one piece on which to work. Each day the same question confronts her. Should she select this rosy fold of satin and fashion from it a gown for Juno? Or would it be better to contrive a robe from this golden cloth for the goddess, Aurora?

Almost invariably, however, she picks from the pile a roll of soft blue silk. With loving hands, the other colors she slowly folds and puts away. Only the blue remains, with a few bits of white that are to be used as trimmings. From this she decides to make a robe for Venus, the loveliest of all the goddesses.

All through the day the needlewoman works patiently on the azure cloth. One watching her can tell, indeed, that she is a seamstress fit for the gods. With wondrous skill this true daughter of Minerva arranges her material in folds, gathers it here, pleats it there, and whips on feathery clouds of white tulle in exactly the right place.

At length, as night draws near, the gown is completed, and again the youthful sewer brings forth her hoard of goods. To gratify a childish whim, she makes a patchwork quilt from all of her scraps. She sews the vari-colored bits together swiftly with her dexterous needle. Just as the sun is sinking, the maiden finishes the quilt and puts it and the robe for Venus away quickly, for she knows that she must accomplish many things before the sun rises again.

From the very bottom of her chest she draws forth a heavy piece of midnight blue, almost black, velvet. With nimble fingers she tacks on it golden star-buttons in a complicated design.

"Ah," she thinks, as she contemplates the twinkling buttons shining brilliantly against the soft and luxurious background of the velvet, "what a beautiful garment you will make for the goddess of the night!"

And then she sews on hurriedly, for the robe has to be completed before the morrow.

If you get up early, as early as the young seamstress, some clear morning, and look skyward, you will see the profusion of materials spread out on her work-table there. And if you watch closely, you will see that she chooses the blue piece with soft white as trimming to work on during the long sunny day. At sunset, look toward the west, and perhaps you can see her as she folds away her patchwork quilt. But the most wonderful sight of all is the velvet robe on which the golden star-buttons are sewn.

HELEN GILLESPIE, '27.

TO A TULIP

Grow high on your stem, oh tulip fair,
And lift up to God your smile;
Like a dew-brimming chalice, a crimson prayer,
A-bloom in the spring for a while.

Hold high your green swords, oh tulip bright,
Protect the stem, slender and fair,
That lifts up your offering—gives back to God
A part of the beauty held there.

Spread wide your soft petals, oh tulip sweet,
Fold back the deep tints on your breast;
Reveal to the sunlight the gold of your heart,
And the beauty with which you are blest.

JUSTINE WHITLOCK, '28.

IRIS' GIFT

(ANOTHER STORY OF THE RAINBOW)

ONE summer day, Iris, a little fairy artist, sat in the heart of a big pink rose. Her tiny brow was slightly furrowed, and she gave an impatient twist every now and then.

"What shall I give my lovely queen?" she asked herself. "She is so good and beautiful that only a perfect gift is good enough for her. I am so worried. If only a Thought would come by!"

Scarcely had she spoken when a pretty little Thought fairy alighted on the rose beside her.

"Why are you worried, little Iris? What do you want me to help you think about?"

"Today is Queen Mab's birthday, and the king has issued a proclamation that whoever gives the queen the most beautiful gift at the party this afternoon will have his first wish granted. What shall I give her?"

"Why, Iris," whispered the happy little Thought, "paint a lovely gown for the queen. Your gowns are always so pretty. I am sure she will think it is the most beautiful gift anyone could have. You can ask the great ugly spider to spin his best fabric for you, and in the meantime, you can be gathering your colors together. Haven't you some violet paint left over from the flags that you painted last spring? I am sure the grass elves will gladly give you some green, for they got too much at the beginning of the year. The rose fairy may be able to spare you a touch of red from one of her flowers. Get these together, then go to the Sun and ask him for a bit of his beautiful orange and yellow paint that he used in his sunset yesterday. Aurora will give, for the asking, a liberal share of her azure blue. I heard Evening speaking of a new gown she has just bought, and perhaps she has a scrap of indigo left, which she will be glad to give you. These colors are the most beautiful in the world. If you hurry, Iris, I am sure your gift for the queen will be finished in time for the party."

"Oh! How lovely that will be. I thank you so much, happy Thought," said Iris. And away she flew to her own store of paint, and, taking a tiny pot of dark violet, she put it in a little

basket and went to the rose fairy and the grass elves. They were very kind, and gave Iris as much of their beautiful paint as she needed. The sun also freely gave of his rich yellow and orange colors. After traveling a long time, Iris at last reached Aurora and begged a bit of blue from her. And Evening, who lived across the way, gave her a scrap of indigo left from her last new dress.

The fairy started joyously homeward with her basket filled with the lovely colors. But alas! Just as she reached the middle of the great sky, a howling thunder cloud rushed across the face of the sun and swooped down upon the poor, frightened little Iris, who dropped her basket and flew for her life. She barely reached Fairyland in time to be saved, for just as she alighted on a branch of a great oak tree that stretched its arms high to meet her, the angry storm broke, and all the land was drenched in the tears of the cloud.

And there in the heart of the kind oak tree, poor Iris cried and cried also.

"Oh! Oh!" she sobbed, "I have lost all my paints. What am I going to do? I haven't anything to give the queen now. All my colors will be washed away."

"Never mind, little fairy dear," said the oak, as he rocked her gently in his huge arms, "something will surely happen, and your gift will get to the queen."

Beautiful Christile, the queen-fairy of the rain drops, was Iris' mother. She heard her child's sobs and took pity on her. While the dark cloud still covered the heavens, she went to him and ordered that he should not wash her daughter's paints entirely away, and that he should cover the sky until she sent him word to roll away. Then taking some helpers with her, she began to work behind the curtain of the cloud.

In the meantime, Queen Mab's birthday party started. All the fairies, elves, and sprites, dressed in their best festive clothes, went to the beautiful palace.

"I wish," said the queen, "that that ugly old cloud would get out of the sky. He is hiding the face of the sun, and I would like very much for Sol to be present at our party." But the cloud hung gloomily and obstinately in the heavens.

The gifts were gorgeous. Each guest brought a most ex-

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quisite piece of his handiwork. There were cob-web robes and gowns, beautiful satin, glass and jeweled shoes, dainty handkerchiefs of finest silk in elaborate designs and colors, and last of all, there were crowns and sceptres of precious stones and minerals. But not one of these presents was any prettier than the others, and the queen could not make a decision.

Then the little Thought fairy slipped in, and, sitting down by the queen, whispered something to her. Queen Mab arose and, looking about among the happy gathering, asked:

"Where is our little artist, Iris? She is not at the party. I wonder where she is. Go at once, Speedy, and bring her here." And away flew a little page to find the absent fairy.

At last he found her, sound asleep in the arms of the kind tree. There were tears on her little cheeks. Speedy felt very sorry for her. He bent over and lightly kissed a tear away.

"Iris," he whispered, "you must come at once to the party. The queen misses you and asks why you are not there. Come quickly, for you know she loves you better than anyone else in Fairyland except the king."

"Oh! Speedy, I can't go," sobbed poor little Iris. "I have no gift." And she told her tale of woe to the sympathetic page.

"Well, let me see now. What shall you do?"

Scarcely had Speedy spoken when a messenger came from Iris' mother, telling her to go at once to the party, and not to forget her good breeding so far again as to even think of disregarding a queen's invitation. So the obedient fairy dried her tears, combed out her tousled curls, donned her party frock, and sadly followed Speedy to the palace.

The queen welcomed her favorite with a kiss and asked her what she had been doing that she did not want to come to the party. Then someone said, "And where is your gift, Iris?"

"It's up there," was the answer, and tears came again in her pretty eyes. But no one saw them, for all were looking up.

Just then the ugly cloud rolled away, and the beautiful glow from the setting sun shone on a gorgeous bow that stretched from one side of the sky to the other. The bow was made of seven soft, pastel colors: red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo and violet. They were wonderfully shaded and blended into each other, and lay on a lovely background of blue.

Every one caught his breath at sight of the marvelous picture.

"Oh! Look at my paints! They are all washed together!" cried the now exultant and happy little artist.

"Iris, how lovely! The picture is the most beautiful of my gifts," gasped the awed queen.

"Would that it could be there always!" sighed Iris.

"And perhaps it will," replied Mab. "A dark cloud will we use as a cover to protect its fine texture and coloring, but often will we draw the veil back and admire the lovely painting."

MARTHA HILL, '27.

THINGS I LOVE

These things I love: A whippoorwill's cry;
The sunset glow in a flaming sky;
The burnished hue of a dragon fly's wings,
As it flits o'er the water, and droningly sings;

The flowers drenched in morning dew;
The grass so green that it's almost blue;
The birds that sail on wings of song,
As they fly to the South in a clamorous throng.

MARGARET MACOMSON, '27

"WINGS OF THE DUSK"

Fluttering, whirring, mysteriously fleeting,
To havens of rest they speed;
Soaring and singing and chattering gaily—
Far westward their home paths lead.

Whispering, twittering, sounding their call notes
For flyers on distant wings;
Speedily lowering, slowing and stopping—
Home come the woodland kings.

Sleepily, drowsily, crooning a night song,
The woods with their whispers fill;
Murmuring, settling, finally sleeping—
The wings of the dusk are still.

BEATRICE LEE, '28.

THE DECREE OF FATE

"SAY, HAL, I'm in luck. I've got an 'invite' to Marjorie's house-party, and she says she'll be furious if I don't come. Gee, I wouldn't miss it for anything, since we have two weeks, beginning tomorrow, for spring holidays."

Bill Knight waved the letter in the air, and frantically rushed out to telegraph his fiancée that he would most surely be there.

Harold King, Bill's room-mate at Newburn College, heaved a sigh of relief, and settled down to his studies. "Bill's so upsetting at times," he muttered. "We certainly might be the same type in looks—dark brown hair and eyes—but deliver me if I'm as noisy as he is."

Just as the studious Harold was studiously getting down to work on his studies, and trying his best to crack the hard nuts in math and science, Bill bounced in again. He yelled, "Holy Mackerel, if I'm not in a pickle now! Just listen to this letter from an uncle who has been in India, and whom I haven't seen for fourteen years. He says he wants me to come to Fairfax and spend the holidays, and he won't take *no* for an answer. Now, tell me, Mr. Harold King, what *am* I going to do? I promised Dad if I ever heard from the old gent, I'd go to see him, and now I've promised Marjorie to come down there. Now *what* am I going to do?"

"Bill, old pal, I'm sorry. You *are* in a pickle. I wish I could help you, but I don't see how."

Suddenly, Bill's face became brilliant. He clapped his hands.

"I've got it! Oh, boy! *You* take *my* place. Uncle will never know the difference. He hasn't seen me since I was five years old, and you've got brown hair and eyes like mine. Will you?"

"What?" gasped the dumbfounded Harold. "*Me* take *your* place?"

"Sure! It's the only way. I just can't make Marjorie angry with me. Aw, come on, Hal. I'll do as much for you some day."

"We-ell, I wouldn't mind it, but you know Dolores Pendleton lives there, and I care for her as much as you care for Marjorie. If I ran into her, my heavens, that would be the *end*."

"You've simply got to take a chance on that. Keep under cover, then you won't see her."

Bill stretched out his hand, and Harold clasped it, thereby sealing the pledge.

That afternoon, Harold King stepped from the train which had just rolled into Fairfax. He looked around, and saw a chubby little old man standing near a magnificent limousine.

"Jehosaphat, I didn't know he was *that* rich," he muttered. However, he squared his shoulders, flung back his head, and with a feigned expression of joy on his face, advanced to meet his fate. Stretching out his hand, he questioned, "Uncle?"

"Bill!" exclaimed the old man delightedly. "Why, boy, you're looking fine!"

Mr. Knight looked at him with a merry twinkle in his blue eyes, which foretold something humorous. They had just reached his home—rather mansion—when he cried out, "Well, bless my soul! I forgot all about Dolly. Bill, your cousin is going to stay here and cheer her lonely old uncle. I told her I'd send you over for her as soon as you arrived. Now run along and don't stay long."

He jammed Harold's hat on his head and almost shoved him out of the front door. Harold found himself on the sidewalk. "Dolly? Dolly who? Where does she live? I didn't know Bill had a cousin living here. Good grief! *She'll* know I'm not *Bill*. I *am* in a pickle now!"

He jerked out his watch. "No use to wire Bill. He's already left for the party."

He started down the street, but not knowing which way to turn, stopped and looked to the right, then to the left. "If I only knew her last name," he thought. "Well, I'll try to make the best of it. I'll follow my nose and see where it leads." He laughed, but by no means was that laugh real.

Suddenly, he stopped, for he heard someone approaching. He looked up, and stared at—Dolores Pendleton.

"Why, Harold," she cried delightedly, "I'm *so* glad to see you! Why, when did you get here?"

"Oh, er—well, about an hour ago."

"Oh! You didn't telephone me, I—"

There was silence, then, "Where were you going?"

"What? Oh, yes, where was I go—oh, er—I don't know."

"Harold," sternly, "what *is* the matter? Aren't you gl—glad to see me?"

"No,—oh, I mean yes, yes, *sure*. I—. Listen, Dolores, I've got something to tell you. I'm not supposed to say anything, but perhaps you can help me. Will you?"

"Why, certainly, if I possibly can."

"Well, you see, I'm taking another boy's place. His uncle wrote to him, and he couldn't possibly come, so he asked me to take his place. Now, *I'm* in a pickle. Mr. Knight has asked me to bring Bill's cousin Dolly to his house, and I don't even know her last name, or where she lives. Furthermore, she'll *know* I'm not *Bill.*"

When Harold stopped, Dolores laughed, and exclaimed, "*I* am Dolly!"

"What?" yelled Harold.

"Yes, I'm Bill Knight's cousin. His nickname for me is 'Dolly.' I was on my way to uncle's now."

"Well, of all things."

"It *is* surprising, isn't it?" she questioned. "But we're keeping uncle waiting."

"Huh, I—I think I'm losing my nerve, but come on, let's go."

Inwardly frightened, but outwardly feigning joy, they finally arrived at Mr. Knight's. He led them into the drawing room. Harold tried to talk, but didn't know what to say, because every time he looked at the chubby little man, he was embarrassed, for the uncle would be laughing, and suddenly seeing Harold, would stifle his laughter and pretend solemness. Harold looked at Dolores, and she looked at him. They were both embarrassed and puzzled. Finally, Harold decided to tell Mr. Knight who he was.

"I—er—I'm—not Bill."

"Naturally," replied the little man, convulsed with laughter, "since you're Harold King. I've been wondering how long it would be before you told me."

Harold and Dolores, dumbfounded, could only stare at him.

"Listen to this," he replied, still laughing:

"Dear Uncle,

I can see you now when you receive this, but don't be too surprised. I was called away on busi-

ART DISPLAY

ness—love. I knew Harold didn't have anywhere to go during the holidays except to a grouchy old Aunt's, and as my cousin Dolly is Harold's girl (he doesn't know she's my cousin), and as I know you only want someone to 'play' with you, I packed him off to you in my place.

Your love-sick and repentant nephew."

Mr. Knight stopped reading, and looked at Harold and Dolores, but they were oblivious to everything but themselves. The little old man chuckled, "Thus fate decreed it."

ODESSA HUNTER, '27.

THE SEA

Last night the sea was like a tortured thing;
It writhed in agony upon the sands;
It dashed its body 'gainst the stern grey rocks
And tore the beach with wild convulsive hands.

It clutched with frenzy high, unyielding cliffs;
The waves uncoiled and twisted in their pain;
A million voices from the foaming depths
With wailing cries their suffering proclaimed.

This morning, only heaving here and there—
For in the fearful struggle it was quelled—
The sea throbs with an after sob,
But strewn along the beach are broken shells.

FANNIE LOUISE VERMONT, '28.

CONTENTMENT

The day draws toward a hushéd end in peace,
And twilight's hazy robe of grey descends—
One part in folds, the other settling free—
To vigil, and keep fresh the ploughman's art.
The ploughman, stalwart son of field is he,
Draws up twin horses to a common halt—
Sleek beasts of Belgium's proudest line come down—
And rests the steeléd plough in virgin soil.
The dying sun glints on his naked chest,
As embers gleam against true polished steel;
His hair is matted to his forehead damp
By nature's evidence of honest toil;
Rough-dressed is he in humor to his work,
But strength of look and squareness of his jowl
Denote his underlying soul and mind.
He rests, and then accords the same to beast
By loosing them of hamp'ring plough and chain.
He leads his bonded brutes to water near
The border of his field where runs a brook,
Secluded in the dampish gloom of elm
And other sylvan lovers of the cool
Of wayside streams that wander free of will.
They drink, and he, recumbent on the sod,
In patience stays his thirst by watching them,
As pauses he before the long tramp home.
Tired as he is, he visions in his mind
The hopes, the dreams that hold him in their thrall—
His plans of future happiness and love
Carved by the knife of present strife and toil.
He breathes a sigh of heart-felt thankfulness,
And o'er his wind and sun-tanned face there comes
A smile—just that—a simple, open smile.
His beasts look 'round, and both come closer still
To put their muzzles in his out-stretched palms.
He takes in hand the harness of the twain,
And 'twixt the two meanders down the path,
The gay but tuneless whistle on his lips
A paean to the God of Rural Peace.

BILL GAINES, '27.

HEROES ARE MADE—NOT BORN

THE collegiate Beau-Brummel, otherwise known as Penn Montague, walked into the club room of a fashionable summer town. Carelessly, he threw his bright scarf (colors that would have given competition to Joseph's coat) upon a convenient chair, and then, walking half-way across the room, he tossed his hat in the direction of his scarf. Not waiting to see the outcome of his chapeau, he turned to the boys in the room, and he greeted each in turn, from Joe, who was standing by the open fire-place with a large pipe between his teeth, to Norris, the butler.

"Where's Frank?" Penn asked.

"Dunno," responded Bill. "Guess he'll blow in after a while if that bad tire on the rear wheel doesn't blow him out before he gets here. Did you enjoy your trip up to Golfville today?"

"Oh! fairly good trip," replied Penn.

For half an hour they amused themselves in discussions and arguments on all the current topics. Then, tiring of speech, they made up a bridge game, and it was at the point when Penn was reaching the crisis in a no-trump hand that Frank entered.

"Thought maybe you had deserted our girlish tea-table, Frank. Com' on, take my hand, I've gotta leave," interrupted the losing opponent on Penn's right.

"Yeh," echoed Penn, "I want to get in a few more pennies to add to the family fortune before my date."

"Got a late date, have you? My! my! you're certainly devilish, to say nothing of your bridge gambling, even when you're poverty-stricken by the vicissitudes of fortune," volunteered Frank.

"Kindly cease your obnoxious raving, Snort, and look at your hand!"

"Oui! monsieur, I have a date with the finest, noblest, most womanly lady that ever breathed the pure—"

"Who's raving now, tell me? Sardine, can yourself!" suggested Frank.

"But, honest, she is all that, plus all other worthy characteristics, and then, everything multiplied by ten. She's Helen Savoy, from Florida."

Throwing his cards on the table, Frank walked jerkily over to

the fireplace. Without turning, he placed a cigarette between his drawn lips and inhaled deeply.

"Who stole your kite, Frank? Aren't you going to play bridge with us?" Penn asked.

"No, I don't feel like bridge. It makes me jumpy, and—well, 'spose I might as well say it—when you said that about your girl being so fine, well, it just got me. You see, I thought the same things about a girl, until—until tonight. Hang everything and girls, too!" he ejaculated between his tightly closed teeth.

"Sorry, Bo; wouldn't have hurt you for anything. Guess I might as well go on down to my date then, if you won't play bridge with us," Penn added as he adorned the hat and scarf.

Now Penn's dashing Packard roadster was an appropriate background for this "college man" (as he liked to speak of himself), so when he sped through town on the way to his engagement, he caused many female hearts to flutter. His clothes, his profile, the single wave in his black hair, everything was as right as he could make it. Even his handkerchief was folded to perfection. Therefore, when he brought the car to a standstill in front of the Savoy home, he was entirely pleased with himself.

"Do sit down," Helen cordially urged him, from where she sat in the swing. "Really, though, I don't know whether I'm glad to see you or not. This heat is frightful. Did you have a huge time at the golf tournament today?"

"Listen at the child talk. Heat and golf tournaments! You don't sound thrilled to death to see me, or even glad that I'm three minutes early. Besides, my dear, you should speak of poetic things on a night like this, when there is a placid orange moon in the sky. And another thing, don't be indifferent to males, because their hearts and their vanity are more susceptible to sycophancy. You sound as blue as Frank."

"Frank, Frank, who?" she asked excitedly.

"The ole pal, Frank Tylander, the male who hailed—"

"Please hush a minute, Penn," she interrupted. "When did you see Frank? Five minutes before you came here? Did you tell him that you were coming up here? You did! Mercy! Mercy! Mercy! Well, Penn, what am I going to do? I had an early date with him, and I told him I had a headache and that I was going to bed. I had to tell him something so he would

leave before your date. Now see what you've done! Frank will be furious, but he won't say anything; he'll just ignore me. I love Frank, and I don't want him to think I'm fickle."

"Helen, haven't I a chance?"

"No, not as a lover, but you're always welcome as a friend—that is, if you will help me out about Frank."

"I could go back down to the club and say that I came up here, but that your mother said that you had gone to bed with a sick headache. Would that do?"

"Yes, you're a brick!" she replied in a relieved voice.

"All right, good night," he called back as he slammed the door of his car. "At least, he won't think she's fickle, and she was 'Frank' about the thing," he thought as he gave the car more gas.

VIRGINIA MAGNESS, '27.

THE STORM

The mighty storm comes from the west—
His cloak of blackest cloud
All whirled and twisted by the wind
That shrieks and wails aloud.

The sack of rain strapped on his back,
Upon the mountain tops,
Is torn and ripped by every peak,
And spills big heavy drops.

Fierce hatred flashes from his eyes;
In angry voice he roars;
He takes the bag and opes it wide,
And a torrent downward pours.

MILLIE SCOTT, '27.

DOMESTIC ART DISPLAY

SUNSET

SLOWLY, behind a mask of lonesome pines, the sun sinks lower and lower in the west. The sky is splashed with hues of gold and rose which blend and fade into each other like magic dyes. White, fluffy clouds sift lightly through the dying rays and float away, tinged with faintest pink, like velvet rose petals softly falling. One shell-pink cloud, fringed with gold, drifts lazily below the rest. It is fit only to be made into a flimsy gown for some fairy queen. I know that fairies must lie on those rose-colored clouds which puff along a golden path toward heaven. Perhaps their flying hair is caught in the glowing haze and made brighter as they go.

Upon the dusty road there shines an amber mist, and every weary traveller who turns his steps that way treads upon a gold-dust path.

While a gurgling brook lists to the chimes of a bluebell or to the swish of a sweetly weeping willow as it brushes the water, the sun has wrought its magic, and now the little stream flows like molten gold between the watercress.

Aspens tremble in a golden shower, and cedars spread their branches to catch the dying light. The whole forest quivers with excitement as the sun takes its last farewell, and the trees rustle and whisper in hushed voices of her glory and majestic beauty.

Only one streak of rose can now be seen through the pines, and it is fast becoming mingled and blurred with the blue above the horizon. Shades of night are swiftly approaching. A turtle-dove calls sadly and gently to its mate. Soon the whippoorwill will begin his song of love, and all the world will be at rest.

RUTH WARD, '27.

MIXED SIGNALS

COACH AUSTIN was plainly puzzled about something. He appeared, moreover, a little irate. Everything was evidently not going as it should out on the diamond.

It was a peculiar time for anything such as this to happen. Friction between the players might have been corrected and excused at the beginning of the summer, but, occurring now as it did with only one other game left in the ball league between the five other boys' camps around the lake, it was impending disaster to the championship hopes of Passaconaway.

This desire for the championship had been steadily growing higher and higher in the hearts of the boys of the camp as the season had advanced. The ten skirmishes, two with each camp, were now nearly completed. Of the eight so far played, Passaconaway had lost only two; one, because of a batting slump, to Waubanauke; the other, because of that eighth-inning error of the second baseman, to Belknap. They had met and subdued their hardest opponent, Idlewilde, though by the scant margin of 4-3. This good standing had kept Passaconaway on top all through the season, since Idlewilde had lost three games.

Passaconaway had only two games left, one with the team in the cellar, Lawrence; the last with their dread rival, Idlewilde. If the team won both games, it had an undisputed claim to the Lake Winnepausauke Camp Baseball League cup. If it lost one, it must play out the tie with Idlewilde, who in turn would win the trophy if Passaconaway lost both coming encounters.

The Passaconaway rooters, confident of annexing this game with Lawrence to their string of victories, had turned out in full force. They were now dejectedly watching the big upset. The bewildering game ended 7-2, in favor of Lawrence. No one seemed to understand it at all; that is, no one except the coach. He had watched his catcher's signals. The pitcher was not throwing the called-for balls. Here was the cause of the loss of the game. The problem of the coach was to discover the reason for the reaction of his players. This trouble must be straightened out by him before the next game on Monday, four days off, because that game now would decide the championship. To accomplish this, great tact would be required.

The players themselves were also perplexed. They could not in the least comprehend how the Lawrence batters had knocked their star pitcher's offerings all over the lot, while they had hit nothing at all. Discouraged by their pitcher's poor twirling, many Passaconaway stickmen, who had never before been known to have done such a thing, had fanned out.

On reaching their tents, the players were too downhearted to slip off their sweaty ball suits and take the dip in the lake, the special privilege of all players after each game. They merely lay on their cots and fermented. A heated discussion soon broke out. "Cal" Waters, lithe third baseman, and "Dick" Yale, sturdy but agile upholder of the first sack, started it in their tent.

"I tell you 'Scotty' was throwing them wild on purpose. Any dumbell could tell he was mad about something," began "Cal."

"A poor sport you are to kick about your pitcher. How about your error in the sixth?"

"That's none of your business. How about you, the camp league champeen 'king of swat,' K-Oing twice to that measly pitcher?"

"Oh shut up at once!" bawled the exasperated councillor of the tent.

While the discussion had been going on, a man had stopped behind the flap and listened. Now he moved on across the campus, with a deep frown furrowed on his forehead. He was Austin, the coach. Somehow he must get those two dumbheads together, "Scotty" Bennett and "Bob" Chapin, his pitcher and catcher respectively, and drill some good sense into their heads. It would require delicate work though.

After supper that night, as he came from the mess hall, the coach decided to go out in a canoe. He hoped that it would calm his mind and give him a chance to think out his situation. Back in the mess hall the very air had been tense. The campers had silently but unrelentingly accused their players of bad faith. The players had sullenly accused one another. How different it had been from the usual triumphant return from a game, and the hearty cheering which hitherto had greeted his victorious teams! This trouble was gnawing its way into the heart of every camper there. Something had to be done. If he only knew the underlying

cause of the friction between his battery, the coach would know how to undertake his task.

Once on the water, he paddled aimlessly. He lifted only from time to time his paddle from the cool, green waters to guide his canoe and to propel it on its gliding course. The afterglow was imparting a final touch of crimson to the skies above. The last golden rays of departing day bathed only the rugged peaks, towering above the nestling lake, in their mellow glow. A dark and sombre blue was surmounting the purple haze on the forest-clad slopes of the looming ridges. The shades of the forest reached farther and farther out over the limpid, green surface of the waters. The swaying pines along the shadowy borders of the lake were crooning a lullaby over the scene. All was hushed, imparting peace and quiet.

Suddenly an angry voice rang out from behind a small point of land just ahead. It was as unwonted as the missle of Pandarus. Another irate ejaculation followed the first one. The coach sat up, silently retarded his canoe, and listened with attentive ears. "Scotty" and "Bob" were evidently in their canoe in a little bayou behind that pile of protruding rocks.

"—And what's more," a voice was saying, "if you don't stop now, you'll catch wilder balls than you caught today!"

"Me stop! Why don't you quit her yourself? I have as much right to receive and answer letters from Jane Austin as you have!"

"I tell you she was mine in the first—"

The coach, however, waited for no more, but noiselessly turned his canoe and glided toward the distant camp. A mocking smile lit up his sun-tanned face. He had found that the bottom of his trouble was the real though unrecognized root of all evil—woman. His battery was at death grips because of Jane Austin, Coach Austin's very own, very attractive kid sister, who was spending the summer on an island nearby. She had attended most of the ball games of the neighboring camps. It is needless to say that she was a popular and most welcome guest. Now as the coach thought of her, he remembered that she had once confided to him that she was undecided as to her "secret sorrow." The decision lay between "Scotty," "Bob," and the handsome Idlewilde twirler. The once perplexing problem of the coach had its foundation in this situation. The coach smiled now, for he saw a possibility of

straightening out his trouble and of winning the championship next Monday. He did some fast skimming over the surface of the lake in one of the camp's motor boats before he, weary but contented, slipped into his blankets that night.

The game on Monday was scheduled away from home at Idlewilde. On the trip over on their boat, the Passaconaway players' confidence in themselves and their amiability for each other began to revive. "Scotty" and "Bob," however, sat sulking in opposite ends of the boat, while their teammates sang wholeheartedly, if inharmoniously, "The Catfish A-floating Down the River," "The Old Empty Bottle," "When Nero Played his Fiddle," and other such songs popular around camp.

Gloomily, the pitcher and the catcher got out at the landing and hurried down the wooden pier to the scraping of cleated feet. Their eyes downcast, they marched through the deserted camp to the hostile yet friendly field. On reaching the diamond, however, something made the grumbling "Scotty" straighten up quickly. The coach, observing him closely, grinned in appreciation of the fact.

On the Idlewilde players' bench there sat Jane Austin, absorbed in talking to that Idlewilde pitcher, hated by "Scotty." Noticing the arrival of Passaconaway, Jane looked up, only nodded to "Scotty," and resumed her chatter with his rival. The Passaconaway star twirler strode over to its equally famed catcher, nudged him hard, and nodded toward Jane. He looked "Bob" straight in the eye, solemnly winked, and shot out his hand. The old pals shook with that firm grip of agreement and understanding.

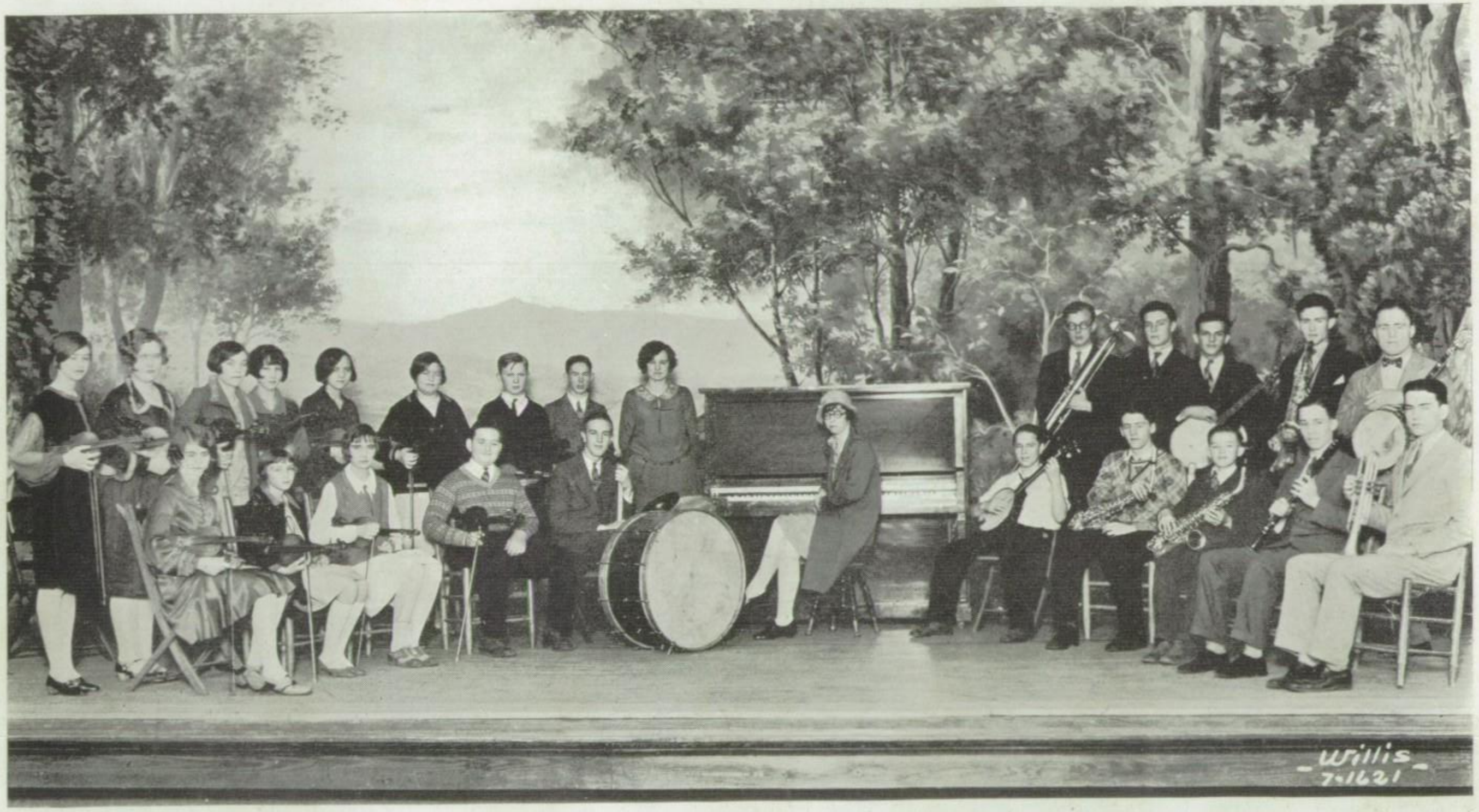
"Let's warm up!" from Scotty.

The practice balls zoomed into Catcher Chapin's mitt significantly. The coach gleefully turned around and slapped "Cal," his third baseman, on the back. "Cal" immediately bowled over, took a couple of somersaults on the turf, and sat up, completely bewildered.

"We've got 'em beat!" the delighted coach cried.

And they had them beat, too.

GEORGE LITTLE, '27.



HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

DAWN

When all the earth is wet with dew, before the sun has risen high,
A purple mist hangs low around, and in the east a crimson streak
Gives color to the darkened ground.

As heaven's colors change to gold, night's purple fades to rosy hues,
The east turns to a fiery red, and brings new colors to the sky,
Long rays of gilt and gold.

Then, suddenly, a rim of gold comes slowly up behind the trees,
To turn into a ball of fire and start its long triumphal march
Across the bright blue sky.

SAMANTHA CHAPMAN, '28.

———o———

DOGWOOD

To sunny skies and April show'rs
The dogwoods lift their fragile boughs;
Like open palms with lovely gifts,
Each laden tree its burden lifts.

Through the green of maples tender,
Through the lacy poplars slender,
All along the budding way,
Fairy sprays of dogwood sway.

Up and down the grassy places,
Sown between like lovely laces,
Slender brides with white robes flowing,
Dainty freshness all a-glowing.

Perhaps it was at midnight hour,
Some passing angels left a shower
Of fleecy feathers, soft and white,
That turned to blossoms over night.

JUSTINE WHITLOCK, '28.

AT SCHOOL IN CLOUD LAND

IT was time for school to begin up in Cloud Land. One by one the little cloudlings entered the schoolroom, and reluctantly took their seats. The way that the desks are arranged in Cloud Land is one of the nicest things about the place. Up there the pupils can sit wherever they want to, and can move whenever the notion strikes them. There's just one rule: they have to stay where they can see the teacher, and where the teacher can see them. But, since the sky is so spacious, that isn't a very hard task.

On this particular morning everything was unusually calm and peaceful. The teacher cloud, Miss Drusilla, smiled charmingly to each one of her pupils as they came in. When they were all seated, she fluffed out her billowing white skirts and settled herself behind her little white roly-poly desk. The children behaved beautifully. If anyone wanted to change his seat, he moved so softly and quietly that the teacher didn't even stop smiling.

Toward the end of the day, Miss Drusilla asked all of the cloud children to come up to the front and stand in a row, while she heard their spelling lesson. Since the cloud children liked to spell, they all hurried to get in line. They rolled and bumped and jostled one another until they made one solid mass of clouds before the teacher.

Now, there was one fat, knobby little cloud that had wandered far off to the edge of the schoolroom. When the teacher called for the pupils to get in line, the little fellow puffed and rolled along as fast as he could. But when he reached the front, every place in the line was taken, and he was left standing timidly in front of the whole class, his head ducked in shame.

Who should come in at that minute but the cloud principal! The principal up in Cloud Land is just exactly like any other principal. He always comes in at precisely the wrong time. He is an awfully particular old fellow, too, and when he saw the poor little cloud standing there all by himself, he immediately suspected that something was wrong.

He got all gloomy and cross, and glared at the belated cloud.

When Miss Drusilla saw that the principal was in a bad humor, she stopped smiling and turned into a prim old maid.

"Oh these children, these children!" she said threateningly. "They never do right a thing that I tell them to!"

"Is that so?" thundered the principal. "Well, we'll see about that."

At these words the pupils began to scowl also. You can imagine what a pretty sight they were. The principal was dark, and frowny, and thundering; Miss Drusilla was dark, and frowny, and complaining; and the little clouds were dark, and frowny, and frightened. The air itself turned from balmy blue to ill-boding grey. And no wonder! When the principal said that he would see about things, he always did.

This time was no exception to the rule. He reached down into his bulging pocket and pulled out his horrible whip. This whip was made of nine cords of fire that glowed and burned in terrible colors. The principal raised his whip, cracked it above the heads of the clouds, and, with a deafening roar, lashed through their midst. The clouds scattered right and left, and the ropes of flame zig-zagged after them.

To make matters worse, the cloud children began to cry. They cried so long and so hard that their tears fell all the way down to the earth. And do you know, the silly people down here on the earth, thinking that it was raining, put up their umbrellas and donned their raincoats. It looked so funny to see people walking around under umbrellas to keep off their tears that the clouds stopped crying, and every one of them began to laugh—principal, teacher, and all. The principal put away his lightning switch, the cloud children made a place for the last little pupil, the teacher smiled sweetly, and everything was calm again.

HELEN GILLESPIE, '27.

COMPROMISE

BR, r, r, rn, rn, rn!

Why didn't that light change? "Red" felt an overwhelming desire to proceed and ignore that yellow traffic signal which seemed determined to ring eternally. What was that woman calling to him for? If she wanted to go ahead, she wasn't nailed down.

Something snapped.

"Charles Edgar Green, if you don't hurry and turn off that deafening alarm, and wake your father for that business engagement, I'll——" called his mother from an adjacent room.

A rather surprised Charles Edgar Green arose reluctantly from his comfortable bed without the usual dignity that is so conspicious in a high school senior. In the inky blackness he stumbled, barked a couple of shins, broke a rocker, and fell sprawling upon the chilly floor.

The alarm clock, unalarmed, rang on.

Once again, Charles essayed a brave attempt. A stray tack found a soft spot in his foot, and, imbedding itself therein, told a "keen" tale. With a howl of distress, he admitted himself a beaten man. Raising the window, he hurled the unmusical tormentor to the black abyss below.

After a few moments had elapsed, Charles, better known as "Red," had collected his thoughts and also a few articles of clothing. The memory of his father's business trip weighed heavily upon him. Hastily he dressed and descended the stairs.

"'Mornin', Dad," he greeted his parent with a triumphant grin. "All set for that trip?"

They got in the car and, with a meaning look, "Red" pointed to the dash-board clock.

"Six exactly, isn't it? Now do I 'cop' the half?"

"Surely, son. Edgar Green is a man of his word," replied his father as he drew forth a crisp green bill. "Here. Keep the change."

Little did Mr. Green know how near he came to losing a two thousand-dollar automobile just then!

"Thanks," gasped "Red," finally recovering. "Do you want to go to Mr. Durant's now?"

"Yes."
"Going in his car?"
"Yes."
"Is it a very important business trip?"
"Yes, son; but you shouldn't ask so many questions."
"All right, sir. Are you coming back tonight?"

They drove on in silence, and in a short time arrived at the Durant's home. Mr. Durant and his son, Bob, were waiting for them. The two boys packed the baggage in the Durant's car, but they failed to notice that their parents carried two traveling bags, several bundles, and two long slender packages for a *one-day* trip. When they had completed the task, the men started the engine.

"Well, son," called Mr. Green as they "pulled out," "you may use the car today."

Bob caught Red as he fell.

"Say! What's the big idea anyway?" queried "Red." "Why all this happiness?"

"Search me! Dad was as gay as a monkey in a coconut palm all morning," replied Bob in a bewildered tone. "I'm absolutely 'surrounded'."

Both were silent for a few moments. The sun, rising gloriously, predicted a beautiful warm day. Such a day wasn't made for the drudgery of school; at least these two boys didn't think so.

"—And to think that with the car and a day like this we've gotta go to school," mused "Red."

"'*Got to,*" did you say? Why be so emphatic?" Bob's voice had a mischievous ring.

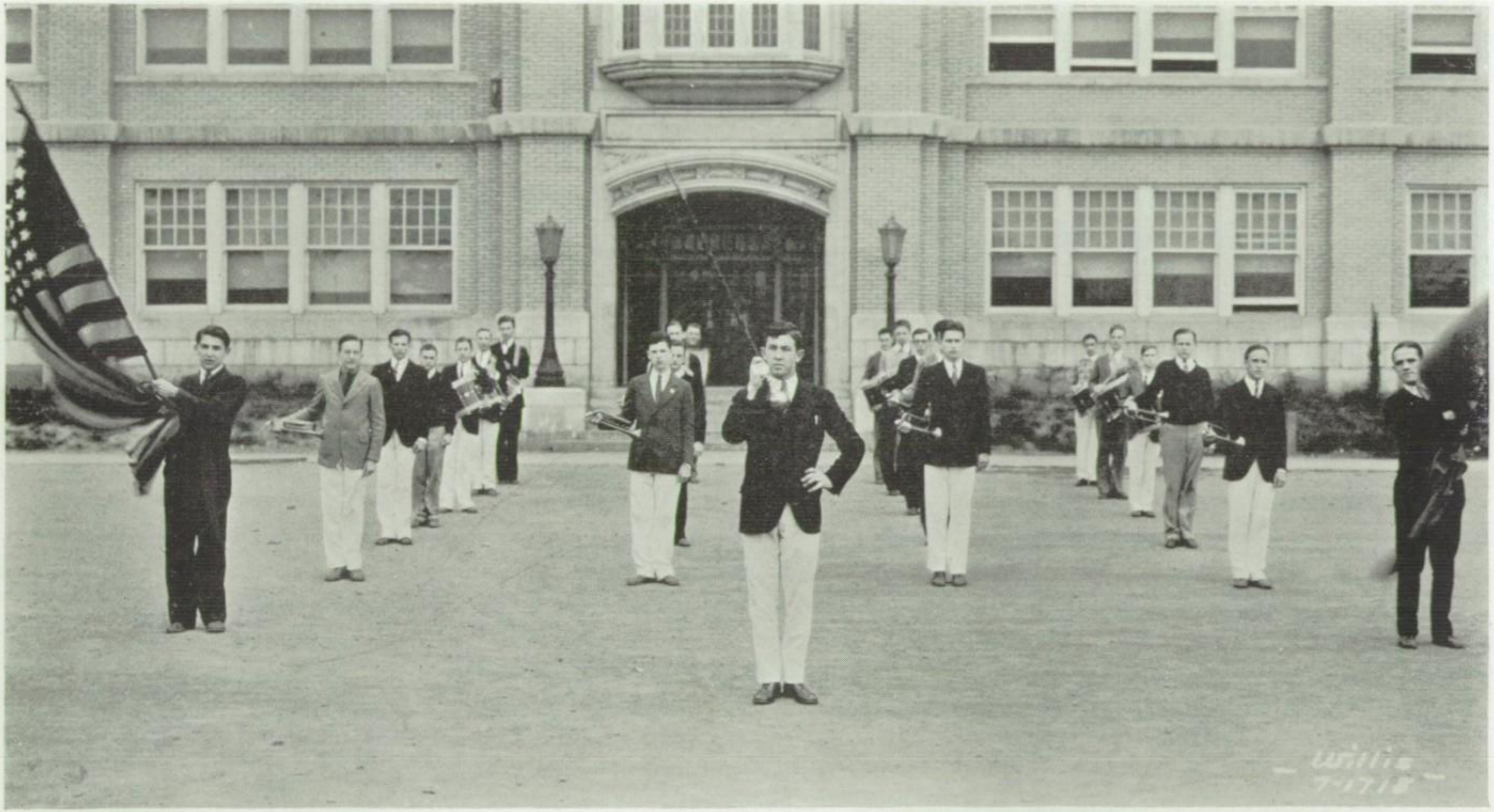
"Red" looked up and grinned comprehensively.

"Want to attempt it?" smiled Bob.

"Remember what happened before?" asked "Red" with a gesture that any boy who has played "hookey" would understand.

After a prolonged discussion, Bob won out. "Red" returned home and smuggled some fishing rods, along with some books, into the car. At an appointed time the two lads met and sped away. They set as their destination a place some distance from the city, a lake in a secluded district. The dangerous reputation of this criminal's paradise did not daunt them in the least.

Time passed swiftly for these two carefree truants. Soon they



DRUM AND BUGLE CORPS

were stopping the car near the lake. They were surprised to see the Durant's car nearby. They ran over and examined it. The front fenders were bent, and the hood was bespattered with blood. The car was destitute of luggage.

Bob looked at "Red," and "Red" looked at Bob. Each was aware of an expression of fear in the other's eyes. Could their parents have been murdered and possibly robbed? They remembered the bloody tales told of this vicinity. Both, with fishing tackle still in hand, began to follow some indistinct tracks that led toward the lake.

When they were within a few yards of the lake, "Red" knelt to examine some footprints more closely. As he did so, he arose suddenly with much more alacrity than he had kneeled. He gave a yell of pain and turned to find a sharp trout fly caught in his trousers.

"Isn't it sufficient for me to run into a cow and ruin my car without having my tackle ruined, too?" grumbled a provoked voice on the far side of some dense shrubbery.

If these two boys were really as small as they felt when they recognized Mr. Durant's voice, Bob, with "Red" upon his shoulders, might have walked on tiptoe under a worm and never touched.

"So!" exclaimed Mr. Durant as he came around the bushes. "What are you two doing here?"

"We're on a very important *business* trip!" retorted his son with a smile.

"Oh!—er—young men—," stuttered "Red's" parent, who came up at this time, "we'll have to see that you are punished for playing 'hookey', and—"

"Yes," threatened "Red," "and when we tell Mother the kind of *business* trips you take, she'll crown you king of all—with the sugar-bowl!"

"Now, I say, sonny," said Mr. Green, laughing jerkily and realizing his predicament, "can't you take a joke? I really suppose the best method of procedure would be a compromise, eh?"

BERNARD FOSTER, '27.

THE SINGING WHEEL

Around, around the wheel of the mill
In flying sings a lay,
The same the bluebird trills in the spring,
Of youth, of joy, of May.

The ancient wheel forgets his age
And hums a rapturous song,
As pussy willows nod in the wind
And robins gaily throng.

He softly sings a melody blithe
And laughs and woos in play,
While roses wild and quaint in the dusk
Perfume a wanderer's way.

BETTY CANNON, '28.

TO A SPANISH DANCER

She comes with a whirl
And a graceful twirl
'Mid the clicking castanets;
She swings on her toes,
As she swaying goes,
And the world she soon forgets.

She's thinking once more
Of a gay Señor,
As he sails the Spanish main;
Her dancing is light
On the floor tonight,
For her love she does not feign.

An ivory arm,
With a glow so warm,
And a flashing tambourine;
A moment———she's gone,
Like a summer's song
That was just a passing dream.

RUTH WARD, '27.

NIGHT

And now at last, when day is done,
Apollo wearies of his fun
And goes to bed.

Then darkness creeps up in the east,
Just like a crouching, monstrous beast,
And fills the sky.

Fair Luna soon ascends her throne—
A queen with diamonds 'round her strewn—
And looks serene.

She casts her eyes upon the mere—
Beholds her face reflected there—
A lovely sight.

And now bright stars with topaz light,
The sparkling jewels of the night,
Adorn the sky.

AGNES CLEVELAND, '27.

———o———

TO A BUTTERFLY

Oh, dainty little butterfly
So delicate and airy,
A wingéd flow'r you seem to be
That some audacious fairy
Dipped in a lovely rainbow mist.
You float thru gleaming bowers,
And sip the honeyed nectar sweet
From haunts of fragrant flowers;
And as you wing your joyous flight,
A-dipping, rising, swaying,
I marvel at your lovely grace
And at your merry playing!

ODESSA HUNTER, '27.

"WATER, WATER!"

"I'M gonna play the kazoo myself, Sam Carpenter, I'll have you understand."

"Who said so? You can't play the kazoo or the drums either. I'm gonna do 'em both myself."

"Well, I'm gonna play the bass drum."

"I rather think you're not! Sis Bobby's gonna play that herself. I s'pose you and Sam'll both have to play the kazoo, if you won't shut up." This last was from Jimmie Carpenter, the oldest of the four cousins, and their lawgiver. The other actors in this little incident were Sam, Jimmie's brother; their little sister Barbara, better known as Bobby; and their cousin, Custis Armstrong.

Custis had been visiting these cousins for a while, and everything had been sailing smoothly, considering the parties concerned, except when it hadn't been, which was fairly often. The Carpenters lived in a large country home where there was plenty of room for anything whatever that the four might enjoy. But Custis' main joy in life was to make everything go wrong and then raise a big row about it. Especially did he enjoy stirring up trouble about the orchestra which they had organized.

Finally, the dispute was settled to the satisfaction of all except Custis. He and Sam were both playing kazoos; Sam the snare drum; and Jimmie, besides playing the flute, was leading the orchestra. He motioned frantically, waved his baton (a piece of a broken broom handle) majestically over his head, and at a deep swoop of his arms, the concert began. From the direction of the kazoos, a terrible noise arose, but quickly stopped. Custis explained that he was looking at the wrong music. But Sam seriously doubted the fact and cast a glowering look his way.

"Well, I did! And you'd better not look at me in that tone of voice. I'll show you where you get off, crazy. Blaa-aa!" Custis supplemented his remarks by protruding from between his teeth a little red object commonly known as a tongue.

"Blaa yourself. I'll look at you like I please. I'd like to know who made you my boss."

At that there was a rattle of drums and kazoos as the two rushed together. But Jimmie, in all his majesty, came between them.

"I tell you what. Le's have a duel! That'll be a good way to settle your quarrel. That's the way the men useta do all the time when they'd have a fuss, 'specially about a lady. An' y'all were sorta fussin' about Bobby, 'cause Custis wanted to play her bass drum. We c'n play like that's what it is."

"Ooo-oo, goody! Le's do. That'll be oodles of fun, an' I wanta be fought about. That's what all the ladies then liked, isn't it, Jimmie?" Bobby gleefully cried at anything so thrilling as a duel.

Custis objected, "But whut'll we fight with? They always fought with swords or pistols, and we can't do that."

"O, I tell ya," Bobby was all excitement, "Sam's got a water pistol, and you c'n use that."

"Blaa, you don't know anything. You've got ta have two weapons," Custis answered.

As usual, Jimmie settled the question by his all-powerful decision. "One of ya c'n use the pistol an' th' other one c'n have a bucket. Bobby, you run get the pistol an' a bucket."

Bobby willingly ran off on the important errand of securing the weapons for this decisive duel. She was all excitement at the prospect, and sincerely hoped it would be a fierce duel with much blood-shed, tear-shed, and water-shed. Soon she returned with the desired weapons, and the final preparations for the duel were made.

"B'lieve me, I ain't gonna use any bucket. I betcha I couldn't even pick it up," Custis remarked with a malignant glare at his opponent.

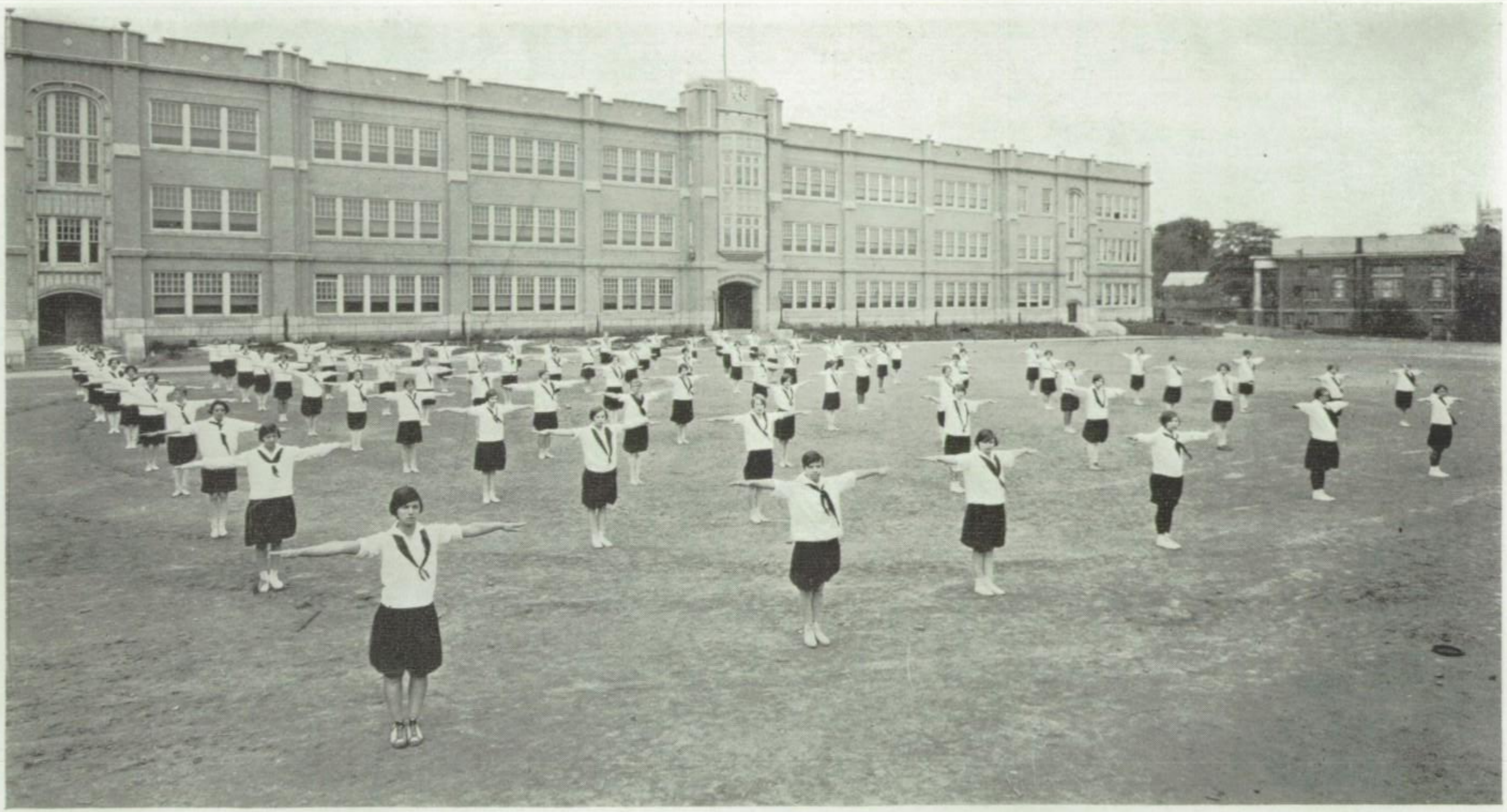
"Baby! Baby! Custis is a baby,
Can't pick up a bucket, bucket;
Custis is a baby, baby, baby, baby," Bobby chanted.

"Ijit! shut your mouth!" Custis snapped back.

"You shut your mouth," Sam yelled. "You can't talk to my sister like that."

Jimmie immediately began to count: "One, two, three, *go*!"

And they did go. Custis must have been suddenly endowed with superhuman strength, for he raised his ammunition bucket high, and threw it, water and all, at Sam. Seeing it coming, Sam threw his and they met in mid-air. All the water fell in a torrent on the fuming Custis and dowsed him completely. But



GIRLS' GYM CLASS

this cool shower did not at all calm his rage. In fact, it seemed to add a few coals to the fire, and the result was very warm steam from his lips.

"You—." But they were not such elevating words, so we'll just leave that part to your imagination.

Sam accomplished his exit from the scene in as quick order as was possible, and headed straight for a nearby alley between two fences. Following close on his heels with a bucket, the pistol, the board from a nearby swing, and some few other portable objects, was the enraged Custis.

As Custis saw Sam enter this blind alley, he almost sang a little song to himself. He was sure he had seen where these two fences came together, so he knew that Sam was caught absolutely. Everything was arranged in the most perfect order for a long-continued and fierce siege, and Custis sat down to await the exit of his direst enemy.

After an hour of impatient waiting on Custis' part, Bobby ran to his place of siege, and, with a benign smile, said, "Mama says for you to come to dinner. Everybody's waiting for you."

Custis calmed his voice sufficiently to ask, "Where's Sam?"

"Oh, he came out of the other end of the path and went up to the house. He's havin' a grand time now readin' about an awful bloody duel."

ALICE WALLACE, '27.

LITTLE HOUSE OF DREAMS

Off from the highway, a small lazy road
Rambles its petal-strewn way,
Calling my heart from the city apart
At the end of the toilsome day—
To a dear little house, a fair little house,
My own little house of dreams.

Apple trees, gnarled, stand with sheltering arms,
Guarding it thru the long year;
Sunshine and show'rs have lodged in their bow'rs,
And the wind brings the welcome they bear—
To a white little house, a bright little house,
My own little house of dreams.

LUCIA ATKINSON, '27.

TO A BLOOMIN' APPLE TREE

My Ma jes' thinks you're beautiful,
The neighbors think you're grand;
My Pa says you're the prettiest tree
That grows on any land.

And as I sit and look at you,
It wouldn't be jes' right
To say them smelly blossoms there
Are not a pretty sight.

With rusty arms s' long an' black
That reach up everywhere,
You've gathered pinkish petals now
To make your fairy hair.

But underneath your prettiness
There's something I can see
That other folks don't think about
That don't observe like me.

There's parts of you been broken off,
An' lots more yet to break;
Your switches rough an' scratchy like,
Pa knows jes' how to shake.

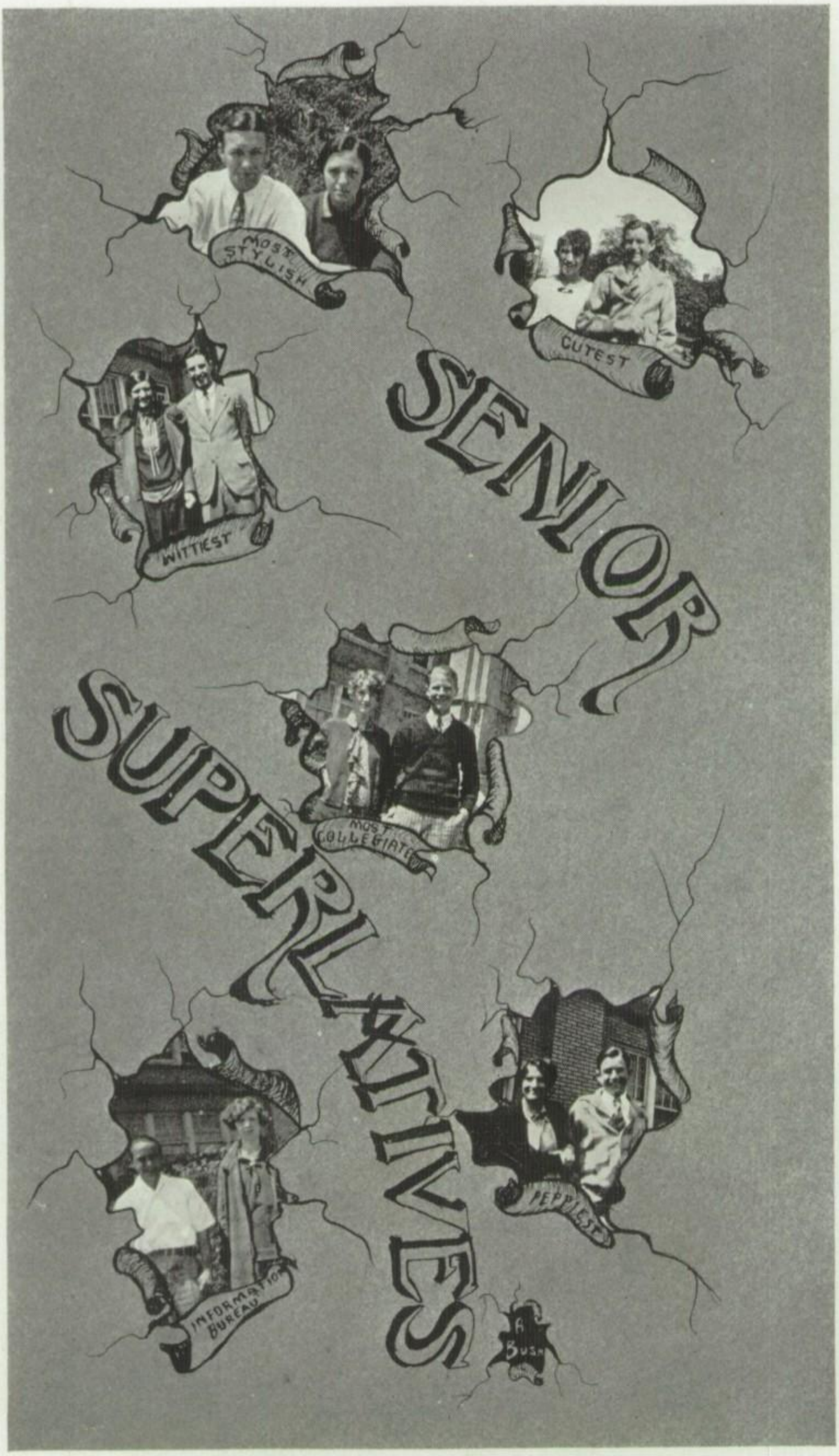
Let them what wants admire you
An' think you're fine to see;
To me that understands it all,
You're a *bloomin'* apple tree.

AURELIA BUSH, '27.

THE FACULTY ALPHABET

A is for Allen, a brown-eyed "Daisy."
B is for Blake, whose Physics is crazy.
C is for Carlisle and Clatworthy, too.
D is for DePass, whose eyes are so blue.
E is for Evans, our great Latin scholar.
F is for Frost, who's worth a gold dollar.
G is for Guess, who has a queer name.
H is for Helen, a very fair dame.
I is left vacant, its place to be filled.
J is for Jenkins, who was single until—
K is for King, so demure and sweet.
L is for Lalla, with good things to eat.
M is for Mayson, who hates chewing-gum.
N is for Nicholson, a very good chum.
O is omitted, to my sorrow and shame.
P is for Patton, of corpulent fame.
Q stands for queer, which all teachers are.
R is for Robertson, a Geometry star.
S is for Sarah, a young man's dream.
T is for Tolbert, who'll sew up a seam.
U is a letter I can't use here.
V is for Viola, whom we all hold dear.
W is for Wilson, the cause of all this.
X is a hard one that I'll just have to miss.
Y is for anyone who might come along.
Z is the last and end of my song.

ANN ELLERBE, '27.


MOST STYLISH
CUTEST
WITTIEST
MOST COLLEGIATE
PEPPIEST
INFORMATION BUREAU
SENIOR SUPERLATIVES

THE REVOLT OF THE SENIORS

(Apologies to Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar.")

DRAMATIS PERSONNAE

The Teacher.

Seniors.

Two Orators.

Scene—In an oratorical class-room.

TEACHER (*in rage at Seniors*)—You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!

SENIOR—Oh, teacher, be not deceived if we have veiled our looks, for we are intelligent.

TEACHER—Then I have mistook thy faces. Let our first orator enter.

SENIOR—The noble orator is descended. Silence!

FIRST ORATOR—Be patient till the last. Seniors and students, hear me for my cause, and be silent that you may hear. If there be any in this assembly, an enemy that hateth school, to him I say, that my hate for books is no less than his. If then that enemy demand why I rise against school, this is my answer: Not that I hate the teacher less, but that I hate school more. Had you rather our teacher be living, and die all slaves, than that school be closed and live all free men? As my teacher hateth me, I hateth him; as he giveth me zeroes, I hateth him; but as he is ambitious to fail us, I feel like slaying him. Who is here so base that would be a student? If any, speak, for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would become a teacher? If any, speak, for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

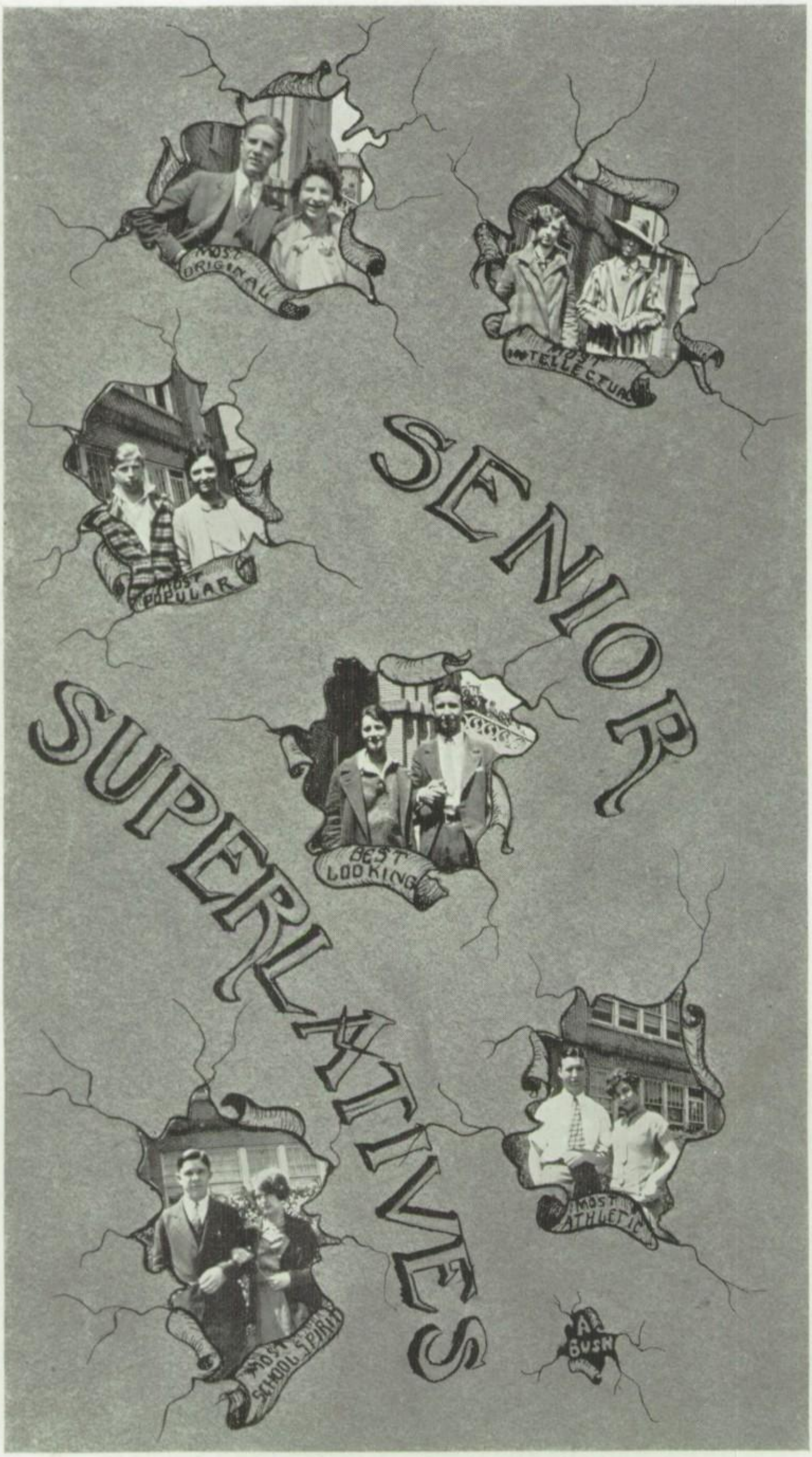
ALL SENIORS—None, orator, none.

ORATOR—Then none have I offended. (*He goes out, as second orator enters.*)

TEACHER—I was mistook. You are worse than even blockheads.

SENIOR—Peace, ho! Let us hear the second orator.

SECOND ORATOR—Friends, Seniors, fellow-students, lend me your ears; I come to praise our teacher, not to slander him. The first noble orator hath told you that our teacher was ambitious to fail us. If it were so, it was a grievous fault, but it is not so. I come to speak my teacher's praise. He is my friend, faithful and just to me; but the first orator said he was am-


SENIOR
SUPERLATIVES
MOST ORIGINAL
MOST INTELLECTUAL
MOST POPULAR
BEST LOOKING
MOST ATHLETIC
MOST SCHOOL SPIRIT
A1 BUSN

bitious, and the first orator is—a scoundrel. I speak not to disprove what he spoke, but to prove all I do know. (*He pauses, and someone yells, "What you knoweth wouldn't dotteth an 'i'." The orator continues.*) Here is a document left by our teacher; 'tis his will. Let but the Seniors hear this testament—which, pardon me, I do not mean to read—and they would love him forever; yea, beg a hair of him for memory.

SENIORS—The will! the will! We will hear the teacher's will!

ORATOR—Have patience, gentle friends; I must not read it; it is not meet you know how much your teacher *loveth* you.

SENIORS—The will! the will! We will hear it!

TEACHER (*smiling with pleasure*)—Ah! I was mistook again. You are not wood, you are not stones, but men. The will! read it, for I presume it containeth something of good.

ORATOR (*unfolding parchment and reading*)—To the Seniors I leaveth this advice, hoping that they will take heed of it: For nine months in the year give up all frivolities. *Never* go to a party or dance, as it disturbs your mental complex. *Never* go on joy-rides in the afternoon or at night, as you cannot give your undivided attention to your studies. It is absolutely necessary that every Senior read the Iliad, the Odyssey, the Æneid. Concentrate upon *each* book until you can rival Macaulay, who memorized Pilgrim's Progress! Never—

SENIORS (*glaring at teacher*)—Let us at him! Pluck down the benches!

ORATOR (*smiling to himself*)—Mischief, thou art afoot, take what course thou wilt.

ODESSA HUNTER, '27.

———o———

"BULL"

'Twas in the town of Madrid, Spain,
Not many years ago;
A great bull-fight had been proclaimed
To raise a lot of "dough."

The people came from all around
To see the bloody game;

Both men and women thronged the town
To witness Don Q.'s fame.

The man whom all the bulls did fear
Was one who knew his "stuff";
His name was known both far and near,
Because the bulls, he bluffed.

One frightful beast was known indeed,
His name was "F'rocious Pete";
And three good men did not succeed
To land this "hunk of meat."

The last but not the least did come,
Don Q., the people's pride.
All others thought the bull was done,
But Don felt otherwise.

The handsome Don stepped in the gate,
And all the crowd did rise;
For here he was to meet his fate,
A man four feet in size.

The bull rushed in, Don Q. turned blue,
It really was no joke;
Three times around the ring he flew—
His shoes began to smoke.

The fourth time 'round poor Don did groan,
The bull had not been left;
If he could only hold his own,
He'd run the beast to death.

The people left, but Don ran on.
At last, the bull lost "steam";
And with the rising of the dawn,
"Pete" fell and broke his "bean."

BILL PRICE, '27.

HOW OUR BOARDERS EAT

When you're awful tired an' dreary,
It'll surely make you cheery
Jes' to hear our boarders eat.

Sounds like cotton cloth a rippin',
When th' ladies start to sippin'
Of the tea.

An' you can mark th' steady crunchin'
Of the gentlemen a munchin'
Like machines;
And th' gobblin' an th' jerkin'
While they're violently a workin'
Grindin' beans.

Th' maid a chunkin' heavy china
Bangs out music no bit finer
Than th' tunes
Which th' hungry boarders play,
As they put th' prunes away
With their spoons.

FANNIE LOUISE VERMONT, '28.

—o—

MOTORING THROUGH

I asked the *King* of *Renault* one day to *Grant* me permission to go through his great *Oakland*. Immediately he gave me the *Liberty* to *Pilot* myself through it.

I set out next *Knight* under a large *Moon* and one beautiful *Star*. In my *Case*, I carried a small *Columbia* phonograph so that I could enjoy music on my journey. It being a *Goodyear*, I was surprised to see so few *White* people. Fires were burning everywhere, most of them *Cole* fires started with *Flint*. Natives were cooking on *Firestones*, which proved to be excellent stoves. No bridges being built, it was necessary for me to *Ford* several large streams.

On the same night, I met an old *Indian* chief called *Pontiac*. Having two cots, he told me I could sleep on the *Westcott*. The chief was full of *Vim*. He showed me how to *Dodge* an arrow by *Rollin'* among his *Essex* pigs.

The chief had a daughter called *Diana*, who knew a great deal about *Lincoln, Franklin, Jefferson*, and other great *American* men, so we had a most interesting conversation.

On the next *Grey* morning, the chief had a *Paige* of his to

A FEW SQUARE INCHES of SHS

awaken me. I took out my *Elgin,* and saw it was time to catch the *United States Balloon* for home.

LEONARD MURPH, '28.

———o———

A RIDDLE

I'll tell you a riddle—
It's something with a tail;
It's neither a duck,
Nor is it a quail.

Sometimes you can see it,
Sometimes you cannot;
But it's there just the same,
In cold weather or hot.

A head it is lacking,
And hands it has none.
It's the tail of a shirt—
Thank goodness that's done!

MARGARET MACOMSON, '27.

———o———

DISASTER

The two struggled frantically. Their plight seemed hopeless. Before them was an almost perpendicular white wall, seemingly endless in extent; behind, relentlessly increasing, pitilessly mocking their wide-eyed terror as it lapped in gentle wavelets at their feet, was swirling, ever-deepening flows of greenish water. It seemed as if the depths had singled out these two on whom to wreak some fiendish vengeance and was hurrying to execute its design.

They climbed up the sheer precipice as far as the unstable footing would permit. They turned, and, with turning, recognized the futility of flight, for the water came greedily on.

Then stark, chilling Fear took them in his loathsome arms, fondled them with bony fingers, and blew his icy breath on each separately, as he ogled them with fishy stare. As the blood that had receded from the surface returned and pounded on their ear-drums, he laughed and whispered gleefully, "No hope! No—hope!"

The dilated eyes of one gazed in agony at the drawn, blanched features of the other. In that gaze was a world of horror, appeal,

despair. It carried a plea for aid that could materialize in not a thing. It was motivated by the same hope that makes a drowning man grasp at a straw. The echo of life would soon resound for these two.

They closed their eyes, and, with courage born of despair, faced the flood.

Then the water rose in the bathtub and drowned the two roaches.

BILL GAINES, '27.

o

THE BARBER

Mrs. Brown was unhappy,
Mrs. Brown was so sad;
Mrs. Brown had just lost
Her lassie and lad.

"My children are lost!"
This was her first thought;
But after much searching,
The culprits she caught.

In barber shop style
The lassie reclined,
While laddie, the barber,
Was standing behind.

Those dear little cheeks
Were covered with mud,
And brother's tin can
Was full of soap suds.

"What does this mean?"
She asked the wee knave.
"Oh, mudder, I'm giving
My sister a shave."

BETSY MILLER, '27.

o

A POKER SLIPPED—

"Say, somebody answer the phone."
"Answer it yourself, funny."
"Can't do it. I'm writing *une lettre*."
"All right; if it's for *you*, you're *out!*"

Patsy stopped writing, her pen poised in the air, and strained her ears.

"Sorry, she's out right now," she heard coming from the lips of —yes, you've guessed it—*son jeune frère.*

"Oh-h-h, I'm *not*—," she began, but, realizing she was too late as she heard a distinct *click,* she stopped short.

"Oh-h-h, but you acted smart, didn't you?" sneeringly answered Pete. "And *I think* it was your secret sorrow, too." And here he grinned evilly.

Patsy said not a word. Not one! Not even, "*Allez au diable,* you nut." Instead, she picked up the poker.

On second thought, however, she poked the fire and smiled sweetly at Pete.

"Well, it's really quite all right, darling. I didn't want to talk to him any way," she said.

Such unusual *woids* coming from Patsy were surprises indeed to Pete. He could stand poker-blows, and even retaliate to them. But—a sweet disposition? He couldn't even understand it. He was puzzled, therefore, for several days. He never knew before that Patsy could be so accommodating. Why, she even took messages for him over the phone when he wasn't there, and never once forgot to give them to him. In all his fifteen years, he could remember no such kindness as that.

Pete came home one night with a box of chocolate-covered cherries—he had won them on a bet—and presented them to Patsy.

"How grand," she beamed, and opened the box straight-way.

"By the way, Pete, Catharine phoned you this afternoon, and invited you to a dinner-party she's having Friday night. I accepted for you. Was that all right?"

"Why sho. Who'm I gonna drag?"

"You're going as a stag. And, Pete, *please* don't say *gonna.*"

"Aw, it was a slip, sister, honest," and under his breath—"gonna, gonna, gonna, dawgonnit."

Friday night came, and Pete left, whistling cheerfully.

Patsy picked up the Odyssey, and, smiling in a satisfied-with-the-world manner, began to read.

An hour passed, Patsy became slightly nervous. The clock ticked on, and on, and on.

WITH
THE FOOTBALL BOYS
AT THEIR SUMMER TRAINING CAMP
A Bush

Suddenly she heard, as she said later, "slow and deliberate foot-prints coming up the steps."

Pete came in, murder gleaming in his eyes. Catherine's was a dinner-party for twelve, and all the chairs were filled when he had arrived on the scene.

The next morning, the poker was slightly bent, Patsy's arm was bandaged up, and Pete was a disillusioned lad. His new motto was: "When women are the sweetest, BEWARE!"

CAROLYN GORE, '27.

FEELIN'S

Boys! it's the greatest feelin',
  When spring's warm days have come,
To pull off shoes 'n' stockin's,
  'N' go out fer sum fun.

Gee! it's the bestest feelin'
  Ter stretch yer toes ag'in,
Just after th' longest winter
  You ever hope ter spen'.

Gosh! It's the grandest feelin'
  Ter sit down by a stream
'N' let yer feet hang in it,
  'N' dream, 'n' dream, 'n' dream.

But the very goodest feelin'
  'S ter bog up ter yer knees,
'N' let the mud ooze 'round you
  As long as you kin please.

But, oh! the awfulest feelin'
  Gins knockin' in yer head—
"Remember, wash your feet, son,
  Before you go to bed!"

SYLVANIA MCCREARY, '27.

TUMBLING TEAM

BY A Bush

A LETTER FROM BUCK

May 2, 1927.

DEAR SISTER:—

I got a toothack, so I did not go to skool today. I am glad, I mean about skool, not the toothack. As I ain't got nothing special to do, I think I'll rite you a letter and tell you the news. Well, pa's got a tuch of rumertisim, and our ole cat's got five kittens. They ain't opened they eyes yet, and they, the kittens, not they eyes, get in every body's way. Pa stepped on one of them yestiday and said "dam". Ma told him he orten to use profain langwige before the chilren. He said he'd use something besides landwige *on* us efen we did not stop gawping at him. We left the room imejetly. My face is swole up like a baloon. It sure hurts, and it's arful hard to rite when your tooth hurts. Cud you send me a quarter? Pa won't give me no money cause I stepped on his rumantic foot. I never meant to, but long's he's gonna be so stingy, I gotta half mine to do it again. This is confidenshul. That ole Sam Wethers that you think is so darling ain't darling a bit. He said Mable, that's my dog I swaped 5 marbles to Tubba for, looks like Miss Tabby Snoot. I bilt a good seat up in a tree so's I could see the baseball games fer nothing. Ole fat Tubba never made him no seat. Well, when I come to the game and started to clime my tree, I saw Tubba setting up there on my seat. I said, "Come outta my tree, Tubba," and Tubba just laffs and sets. Bout that time the seat broke, and Tubba fell. His pants caught on a lim, and he just hung there a yeling till his pa come and cut him down. I was sure glad about Tubba, but sure sorry about that seat. Pa's calling me to come down and fetch some wood fer ma, and I guess I betta get back in bed as my tooth is beginning to hurt worser.

Aw Revore (Means goodby),

Buck.

P. S.—If that prune Sam Wethers rites you I chunked rotten eggs at him, don't believe him, he's just a lier. Buck.

P. S.—Don't forget the quarter.

HELEN MAY JOHNSON, '28.

JUST A SENIOR

A pair of specs',
A pile of books,
    A few grey hairs—ten;
A temper rough,
A worried look,
    A shoulder with a bend.

A loss of sleep,
A piece of gum,
    An eye glued to a clock;
A fountain-pen,
A blot of ink—
    Oh, Juniors, envy not!

O woe is me,
A Senior grave,
    A tired, weary loon.
Please, time, fly on
And bring to me
    That *lovely* month of June.

JUDITH COHEN, '27.

o

TWO MORE FAMOUS STANZAS

The boy stood on the burning deck,
  Because he was afraid;
He couldn't swim to save his neck,
  And that is why he stayed.

The boy stood on the burning deck
  And kissed the captain's daughter;
The captain caught him by the neck
  And threw him in the water.

HUBERT SURATT, '28.

o

SWEET REVENGE

One day my sis got mad at me
  And grabbed me by the ear;
She fussed, she scowled, and then she said
  For me to get from there.

And since my mom had gone away,
She fixed for me to eat
An onion and a hunka bread,
And said, "Revenge is sweet!"

That night before her fellow came,
She heard my choking cries;
She smiled and put her arms 'round me,
But jumped back in surprise.

I'd squeezed the onion in her eyes.
Revenge! Was I a sinner?
My sis, she didn't have her date,
Nor did I have my dinner.

BYRD AUSTELL, '27.

—o—

THAT SENIOR SISTER

(*Wherein a high school senior advertises her education*)

LIST OF CHARACTERS

BIG SISTER—*A dignified Senior.*
KID BROTHER—*An ignorant Freshman.*
MA.

SETTING—BREAKFAST TABLE

Act 1, Scene 1

SISTER—Why *salvéte,* everybody. Have you been waiting very long? We have breakfast so *de bonne heure.*

BROTHER—Aw shut up!

MOTHER—Don't talk with your mouth full of cereal, William.

BROTHER (*returning from answering the phone*)—Some big bloke wants "sis" on the phone.

SISTER—*Excusez-moi,* mother. (*Returning.*) It was "Doug." He's so sycophant. Told me I was the *cynosure* of all senior eyes, etc. Wanted a date. *Quel bonheur!*

BROTHER—Another date means another quarter for me, you may be sure.

SISTER—*Fermez la bouche, ganache.*

BROTHER—Now ganoshes remind me of galoshes, which reminds me of a joke which—

SISTER—*Taisez-vous.* Pass me the bacon and *properate* about it —*merci.*

MOTHER—Now what's the trouble?

SISTER—Oh, nothing, *merci* is French. Means "thank you." Oh, yes, before I forget it. Willie, please take my books to school today *s'il vous plait.* I want to see "Shorty" before school.

BROTHER—Silver plate yourself. Only if you're speaking of yourself, you should have said ebony pate. What do you think I am? A durn grocery boy? Besides, I've a sore shoulder and toe. Can't overload myself.

SISTER—I know you. You're merely a profound hypochondriac.

BROTHER—A what? Now don't get sassy. You made that up. It's an insult, I bet.

SISTER—Ho, ho! What ignorance!

BROTHER (*slinging a biscuit at her*)—Take that!

SISTER—Oh, Mother!

MOTHER—Come to your father's bathroom at once, sir. Your father's razor strop is there, you know.

SISTER—*Tibi gratias habeo, ma mère,* and don't spare the rod.

BROTHER (*departing*)—Aw, sis, ask ma to relent. I'll carry your books.

SISTER—*Ne me tutoyez pas, jeune homme. C'est à moi. Vale.*

BROTHER (*with a parting shot*)—It will be one of your "olive oils," for I'll see you again and get even.

SISTER (*alone*)—Oh, well, that's that. Just to think I was as dumb as that once. It's merely a contest of mind over matter every morning now. Thanks to my high school education, I always win.

GEORGE LITTLE, '27.

—o—

ELECTION DAY RETURNS

Most school spirit	Byrd Austell and Joel Deery
Most intellectual	Alice Wallace and Bill Gaines
Best looking	Betty Steele and Ed Jeffries
Most popular	Jane Hobbs and Rab Mansfield
Most athletic	Aurelia Bush and Ed Jeffries
Most original	Ruth Ward and Horace Hunnicutt
Cutest	Lucia Atkinson and Pres Martin

Wittiest.....Carolyn Gore and "Doug" Graham
Information bureaus.....Alice Wallace and George Little
Most collegiate.....Agnes Cleveland and Epps Cantrell
Peppiest.....Mary A. Dunbar and Pres Martin
Most stylish.....Jane Hobbs and Ed Jeffries
Laziest.....Louise Anthony and Clinton King
Most influential.....Jane Hobbs and Joel Deery
Most attractive.....Jane Hobbs and Rab Mansfield
"Goodest".....Virginia Shanklin and Lewis Foster
Jolliest.....Susan Minshall and Lowell Christopher
Most bashful.....Louise Cavis and Lewis Foster
Most talkative.....Lucile Powers and "Doug" Graham
Neatest.....Jane Hobbs and Ed Jeffries
Biggest flirts.....Lucia Atkinson and "Doug" Graham
Luckiest.....Lucia Atkinson and Pres Martin
Most optimistic.....Carolyn Gore and Rab Mansfield
Most pessimistic.....Laura Lee Cash and Bernard Foster
Most courteous.....Jane Hobbs and Joel Deery
Most conscientious.....Alice Wallace and F. Shuford
Most romantic.....Virginia Magness and John Speake
Daintiest.....Mildred Merrill and P. Martin
Most dignified.....Frances Entrekin and James Chiles
Most independent.....Carolyn Gore and George Little

—o—

DUMB

Did you ever see me standing,
Just a watching in the rain?
I don't know just what's the matter,
But I've always got a pain.

I never see, I never hear,
I never say a thing.
I'm just a flapper, dumb as heck,
A-waiting for a ring.

CHARLES PACE, '28.

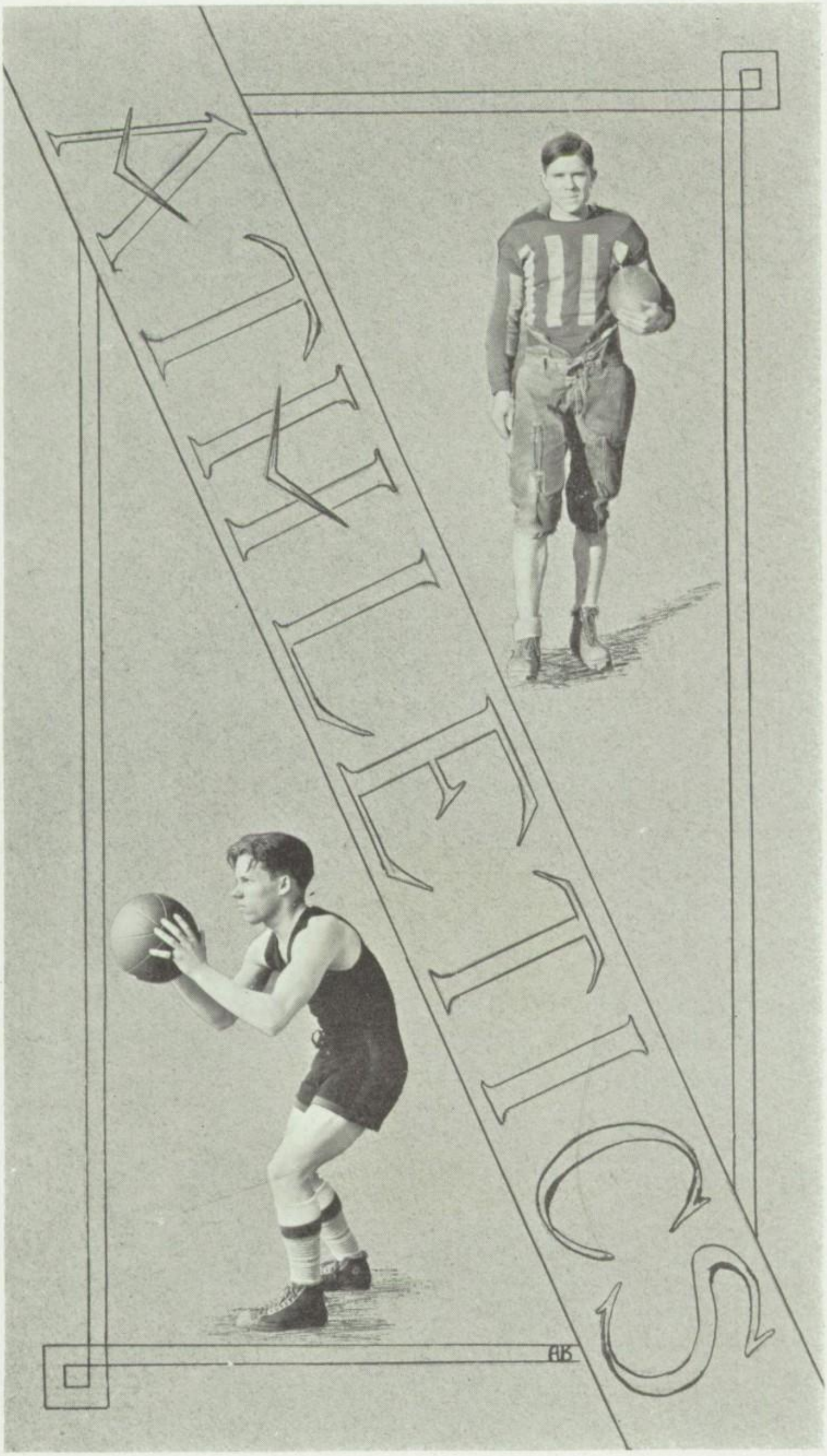
FREE VERSE

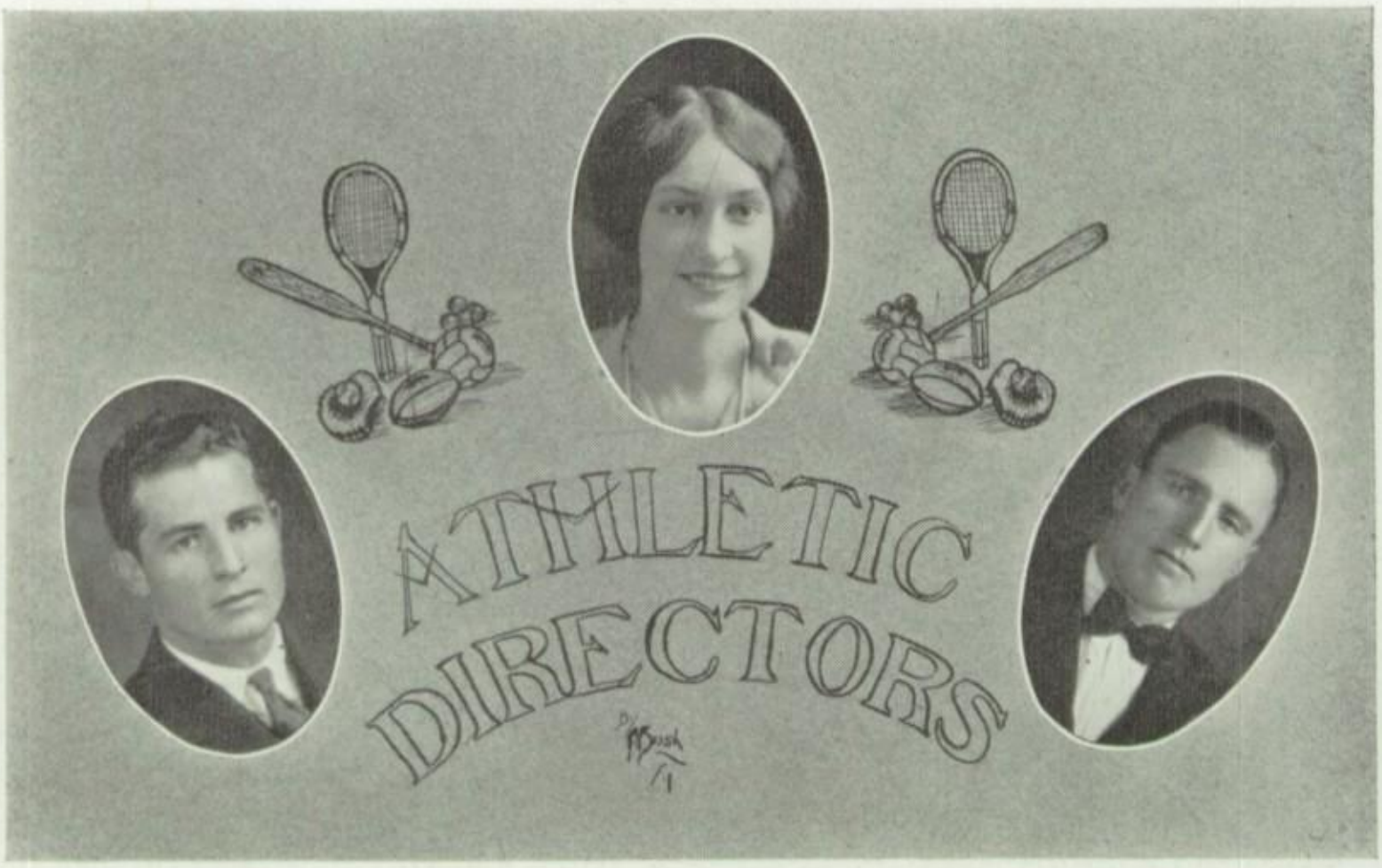
The accent's most irregular,
  The words don't even rhyme;
It's enough to make a fellow
  Commit an awful crime.

The first line is iambic,
  The next is anapest;
It makes your 'fessor, oh! so sick—
  He thinks he needs a rest.

When we submit a poem like this,
  And don't correct it first,
The 'fessor gives an awful hiss,
  And then he sneers, "Free verse!"

LOWELL CHRISTOPHER, '27.


ATHLETICS



COACH JACK FROST

Citadel varsity football, 1918, '19, '20, '21; All-State end, 1919; All-State quarterback, 1920; varsity basketball (State champions for three years), 1919, '20, '21; varsity baseball, 1919, '20, '21; varsity track, 1920; coach at Spartanburg High School since 1925.

MISS LUCILE BOWERS

Shorter College; Sargent School for Physical Education, Cambridge, Mass.; Councillor Sargent Summer Camp, Peterboro, N. H., 1923 and 1924; Councillor Camp Niqueenum, Bridgewater, N. H., 1925 and '26; director of girls' physical training at Spartanburg High School since 1923.

COACH H. R. DOBSON

Furman varsity football, 1921, '22, '23, '24; All-State guard, 1924; All-Southern guard, 1924; varsity basketball, 1922, '23, '24, '25; varsity baseball, 1922; varsity track, 1924; swimming instructor at Furman Summer School, 1923, '24; chosen best diver and best all-round swimmer at Furman, 1923, '24; director of physical training at Spartanburg High School, 1927.

Spartanburg	41;	Greer	7
Spartanburg	7;	Bailey	7
Spartanburg	13;	Chester	0
Spartanburg	7;	Greenville	7

THE SQUAD

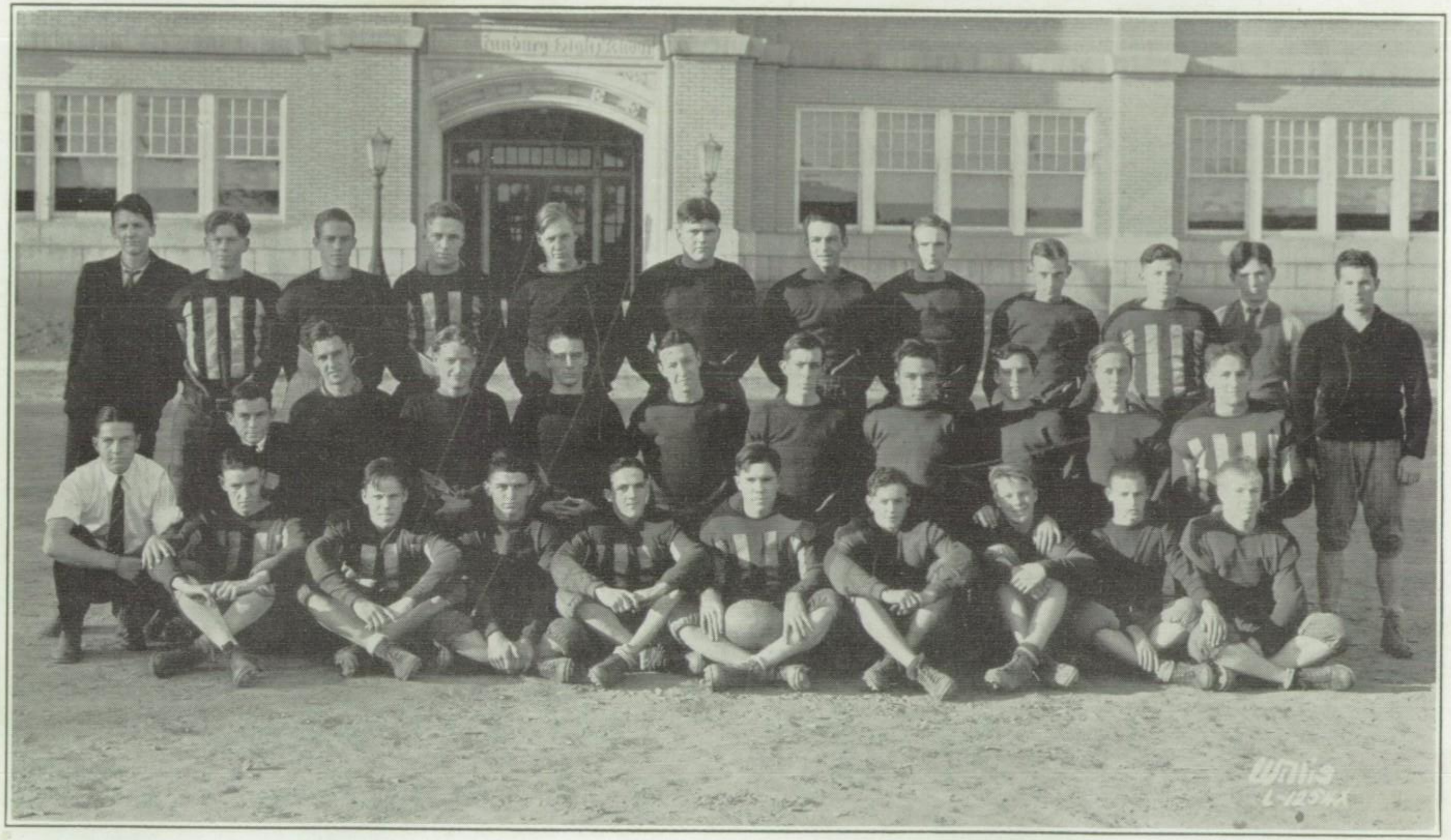
Johnson, Center
Cantrell, Center
Sanders, Center
Carr, Center
Jones, Guard
Alman, Guard
Turner, Guard
Hamilton, Guard
Hobbs, Tackle
Fike, Tackle
Searson, Tackle
Stewart, Tackle
Willard, End
Jefferies, End
Foster, End
Graham, End
Speake, End
Fowler, End
Nash, Quarterback
Parrott, Quarterback
Stallings, Quarterback
Cotner, Halfback
Alley, Halfback
Mansfield, Halfback
Deery (Capt.), Fullback
Fleming, Fullback
Moss, Fullback
Bennett, Manager

BASKETBALL

Hard and incessant practice, under the expert tutelage of Coach Frost, produced a team that we were proud to own. Even during the Christmas holidays the squad worked faithfully. The members of the team were well repaid for their hard labor, too. In sixteen out of twenty-one gruelling contests, Red and Black emerged victorious. Although small in stature, our hoop aggregation has many times proved to larger opponents that size alone does not win a game. The passing and the speed of our boys were far superior to that of former teams. For the first time since we have have had athletic relations with Parker, our speedy team conquered the Purple and Gold basket artists. Parker, however, revenged herself in the Tournament. This quintet seems to be our "Waterloo" in the Up-State contest every year.

PRE-SEASON GAMES
(Christmas Holidays)

Spartanburg	30;	Textile Institute	17
Spartanburg	45;	Spartan Mills	29
Spartanburg	21;	Wofford	38
Spartanburg	20;	Beaumont	13



FOOTBALL TEAM

Spartanburg	39;	Citadel boys	27
Spartanburg	24;	Converse Mill	15
Spartanburg	35;	Lyman Mill	15

REGULAR SEASON

Spartanburg	42;	Inman	13
Spartanburg	41;	Charlotte	11
Spartanburg	43;	Cedar Spring	24
Spartanburg	19;	Asheville	29
Spartanburg	18;	Parker	25
Spartanburg	36;	Gaffney	5
Spartanburg	21;	Greenville	19
Spartanburg	34;	Charlotte	33
Spartanburg	18;	Greenville	19
Spartanburg	16;	Parker	15
Spartanburg	31;	Gaffney	13
Spartanburg	29;	Forest City	27

TOURNAMENT

Spartanburg	22;	Greenville	16
Spartanburg	10;	Parker	33

SEASON TOTALS

Spartanburg	594;	Opponents	426

THE SQUAD

Forwards	*Centers*	*Guards*
Fred Nash (Capt.)	Charlie Willard	Joe Johnson
Ivory Owens	M. B. Ezell	Ed Jeffries
Bill Walters	Lewis Johnson	J. F. Alman
Lyles Alley	Douglas Graham (Mgr.)	Oliver Bennett
Bernard Foster		John Staples
John Parrott		P. H. Fike

TRACK

This is the first year that a team has represented S. H. S. on the cinder path. At the beginning of the season, no one knew just exactly what a track team was. Under the skilful direction of Mr. Dobson, the group practiced for several weeks. Only twice have the boys met defeat, and then at the hands of two experienced prep schools. This form of sport is coming daily into greater prominence. District meets are now being held in dif-

BASKETBALL TEAM

ferent parts of the State. The winners of these meets go to Columbia on May the fifth to hold a State meet. Our team won over five schools in the Up-State meet, thus being entitled to the trip to the Capital. Our experienced rival, Greenville, tasted bitter defeat at our hands in this meet.

MEETS

Spartanburg	31½	Bingham	71½
Spartanburg	55	Furman Rats	45
Spartanburg	55½	Up-State Meet (G'ville)	49½
Spartanburg	48½	Asheville School for Boys	76½
Spartanburg	?	State Meet	?

THE SQUAD

100-yard-dash—Alley, Fleming
220-yard-dash—Alley, Fleming
440-yard-dash—Parrott (Capt.), Pickens, Deery
880-yard-run—Ezell, Hendrix
1-mile-run—Foster, Haynes
Pole vault—Simpson, Johnson
High jump—Poteat, Graham
Broad jump—Carter, Graham
120-yard hurdles—Johnson, Poteat
220-yard hurdles—Johnson, Poteat
Discus throw—Willard, Carr, Nash
Shot put—Deery, Carr
Javelin throw—Willard, Fleming
1-mile relay team—Parrott, Deery, Pickens, Alley

TUMBLING TEAM

This is also a new sport for our school. From a group of "green" tumblers, Coach Dobson has developed a skilled and graceful group of acrobats. This team has won recognition and applause from different sections in which it has performed. In the future Coach Dobson plans to widen the field and take in bar acrobatics.

PHYSICAL TRAINING CLASSES

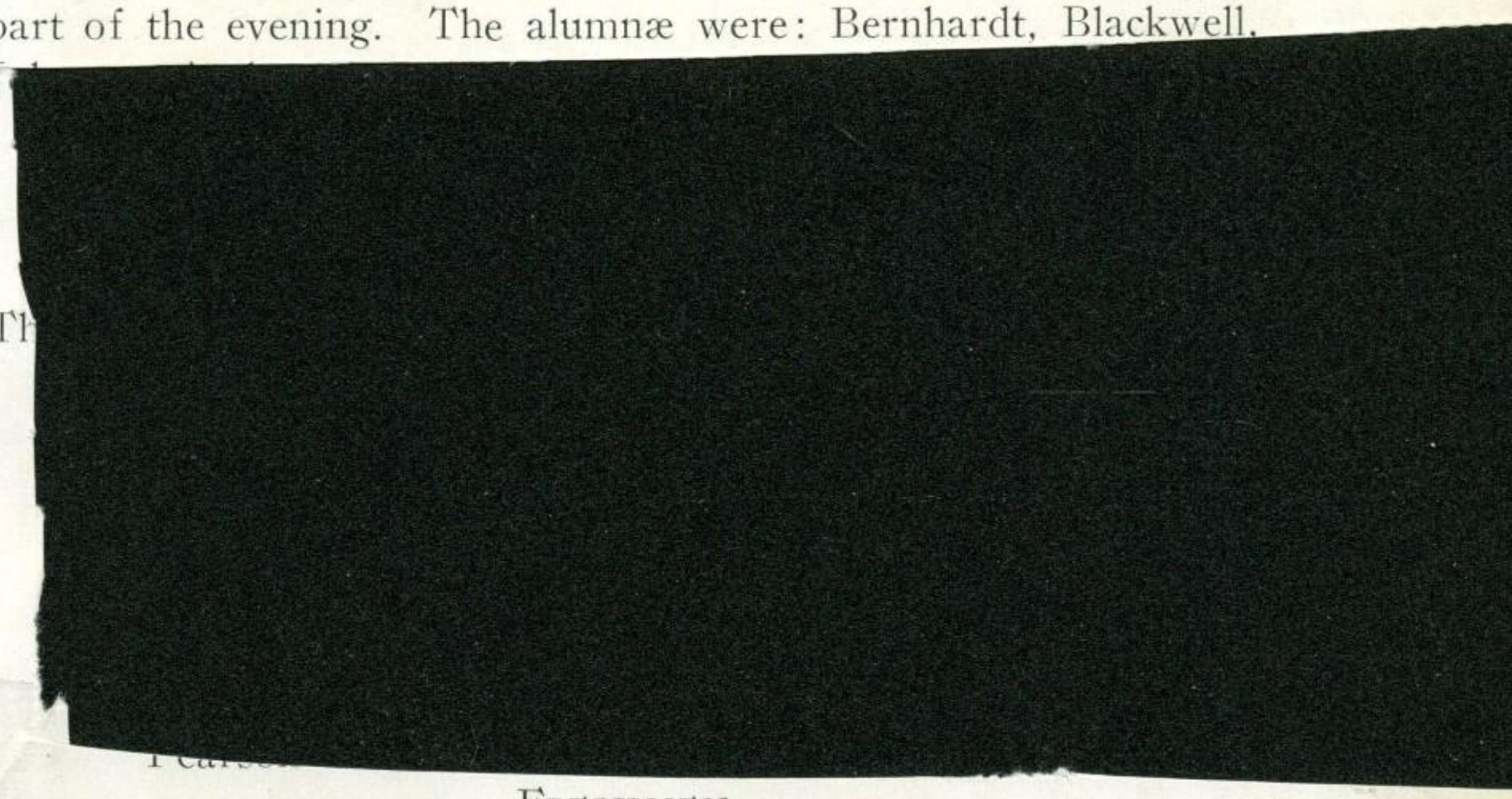
Much more interest is held in these classes than ever before. There is not a boy in school who does not receive some exercise every week under this new system. All forms of athletics are

TRACK TEAM

FRESHMEN

Haynes	Poteat
Steele	Dodgen
Carlisle	Deery
Kennedy	

The only outside game we played this year was the one which the Seniors played on March 28th with some of the "old girls," otherwise called alumnæ. The score was 16-19 in our favor. However, we had a tough time getting that game. Before and after the game, we enjoyed talking "old times." When the spectators had gone, Miss Bowers sprung a surprise on us by serving ice cream to both teams. This was the most pleasant part of the evening. The alumnæ were: Bernhardt, Blackwell, J



Th

Pearse

FRESHMEN

Haynes, Captain	Taylor
Smith	Dunbar
Mull	Humphries

The Sophomores won the volleyball tournament and will receive numerals.

BASEBALL

A series of inter-class games of baseball are taking place. The results are not yet determined. The champion team will receive numerals.

THOSE WINNING WAYS

TENNIS

With the coming of spring, our fancy wandered to tennis. This year the tennis "bug" seems to have been working with extraordinary enthusiasm. There were eighty-three entries in the preliminaries. The semi-finals and finals will be played in the near future.

HIKING

Each class has been hiking during the year. This sport is one that is always popular among the students. The hike must be at least five miles long. Miss Bowers is planning to take the Seniors on an overnight hike some time before the end of school.

MONOGRAMS

Each student of the "gym" classes is working to get the necessary one hundred points which entitle her to a monogram. These points are given for hiking, tennis, swimming, boating, and participation in any kind of athletics. Related to this are the numerals which one receives for playing on a team of any kind. When one has received four numerals, she is entitled to a sports "S."

JOKE EDITOR—WINSTON CARRINGTON, '27

We try awful hard to be funny,
But you people make us sore,
When you pull the same old wise crack—
"I've heard that one before."

If you don't think our jokes are funny,
If they don't tickle your funny bone,
Don't everlastingly criticise us—
Hand in some jokes of your own.

—*Exchange.*

Lucile Powers (Physics)—"Gee, I'm dumb, but don't tell anybody."

Bright Contemporary—"No need to!"

Miss Brice—"How did you know this paragraph was important?"

Virginia—"Oh, that was easy. It's written in italics."

Q.—"Why do Freshmen resemble real estate?"
Ans.—"Because they are a vacant lot."—*Exchange.*

APOLOGIES TO LEWIS CARROL

"There was a good man from Calcutta,
He talked with a terrible stutta;
He screwed up his face
When he tried to say grace,
And blew his false teeth in the butta."
—*Exchange.*

Mr. Wilson—"Now, Helen, what did Comus say next?"

Helen (after strenuous effort)—"Mr. Wilson, I just can't think!"

Mr. Wilson (quite sympathetically)—"Too bad, Helen, too bad. I've been that way myself."

A middle-aged man is one who has stopped growing on either end, but continues to grow in the middle.—*Pittsburg Post.*

Sam—"What am you doin' now?"
Bo—"I'se an exporter."
Sam—"An exporter?"
Bo—"Yep! the Pullman Company just fired me."—*Exchange.*

PITY THE POOR CLERK

Customer—"I would like to see a pair of shoes that would fit my feet."

Salesman—"So would I."—*Exchange.*

Lady—"I should think you would be ashamed to beg in this neighborhood."

Tramp—"Don't apologize for it, ma'am; I've seen worse."
—*Exchange.*

Mr. Frost—"Now, what is a pastoral poet?"

Caroline—"One who sits in a pasture trying to get an inspiration."

"Shorty" Magness (naming all the plants in her flower garden)—"And this is a phlock."

Carolyn—"Oh, "Shorty", that kind of plant is called phlox, not phlock."

"Shorty"—"Yes, but when it's just *one* plant, you call it a phlock."

"And though you belong to somebody else, tonight you belong to me," said the Cadet, as he wore his room-mate's pressed pants.—*The Tiger.*

Teacher (in Biology class)—"What animal comes nearest to man?"

Pupil—"A flea."

Miss Brice (in History class)—"Mr. Wilson has his faults, but I'm a blind admirer of him."

Betty—"I'm going to tell him!"

Miss Brice (blushing)—"Don't be silly."

Bernard Foster wants to know how many people in America are suffering with "mistaken ideas."

Dear Mr. Teacher:—

Please excuse Johnny for being late yesterday. He slipped on the sidewalk and tore his pants. Hoping you will do the same, I am,

Sincerely yours,

His Mother.

—Exchange.

Carolyn Gore (substituting in ninth grade History class)—"Boys, why did the English people call their public school 'Board Schools'?"

Horace B.—"Because they used boards to such advantage."

Miss Robertson (in Algebra class)—"Did you say something, Aurelia?"

Aurelia Bush—"No'm, I just made a remark."

I told a maiden of my love,
The color left her cheeks,
And on the shoulder of my coat,
It showed for several weeks.

—*Exchange.*

Mr. Frost (in French class)—"Ruth, didn't you know better than to use the imperfect tense in this sentence? The old lady couldn't keep on and on dying, could she?"

George Little—"Mr. Frost, that's right, 'cause that old woman was just an old cat."

Mrs. Evans (in Latin class)—"Mary Allen, suppose you begin translating here at '*Pete saxa, Menoete*'."

Mary Allen (translating)—"For Pete's sake, Menoetes—"

Mail Carrier—"Is this package for you? The name is obliterated."

Resident—"Nope, it can't be for me, my name's O'Reilly."
—*Exchange.*

Sophomore—"Are all teachers bookworms?"
Junior—"All but Geometry teachers."
Sophomore—"What are they?"
Junior—"Angleworms!"—*Exchange.*

"I fell on a piano."
"Didja hurt yourself?"
"No, I fell on the soft pedal."—*Exchange.*

Pat Stockman—"When I was young, the doctor said that if I didn't stop smoking I would become feeble-minded."

His girl—"Well, why didn't you stop?"—*Exchange.*

Unos—"I maintain that modern lovemaking is just the same as it always was."

Dos—"How do you know?"

Unos—"I just read about a Greek maiden who sat and listened to a lyre all night."—*Exchange.*

"What is a flask?"
"Donno, what?"
"A kick in the pants."—*Exchange.*

A SLIGHT MISTAKE

Girl—"Could you fix me a dose of castor oil so the oil won't taste?"

Druggist—"Certainly! Won't you have a glass of soda while waiting?"

Girl—"Oh, thank you." (And drinks the soda.)
Druggist—"Something else, miss?"
Girl—"No, just the oil."
Druggist—"But you just drank it."
Girl—"Oh, dear! I wanted it for my mother."—*Exchange.*

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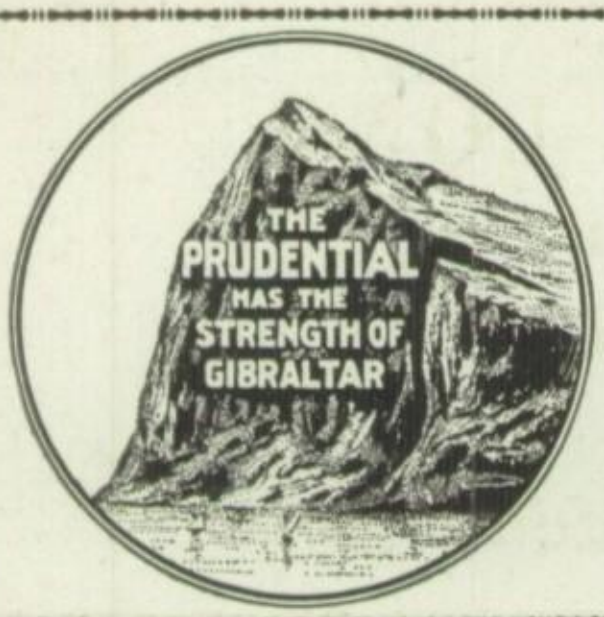

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